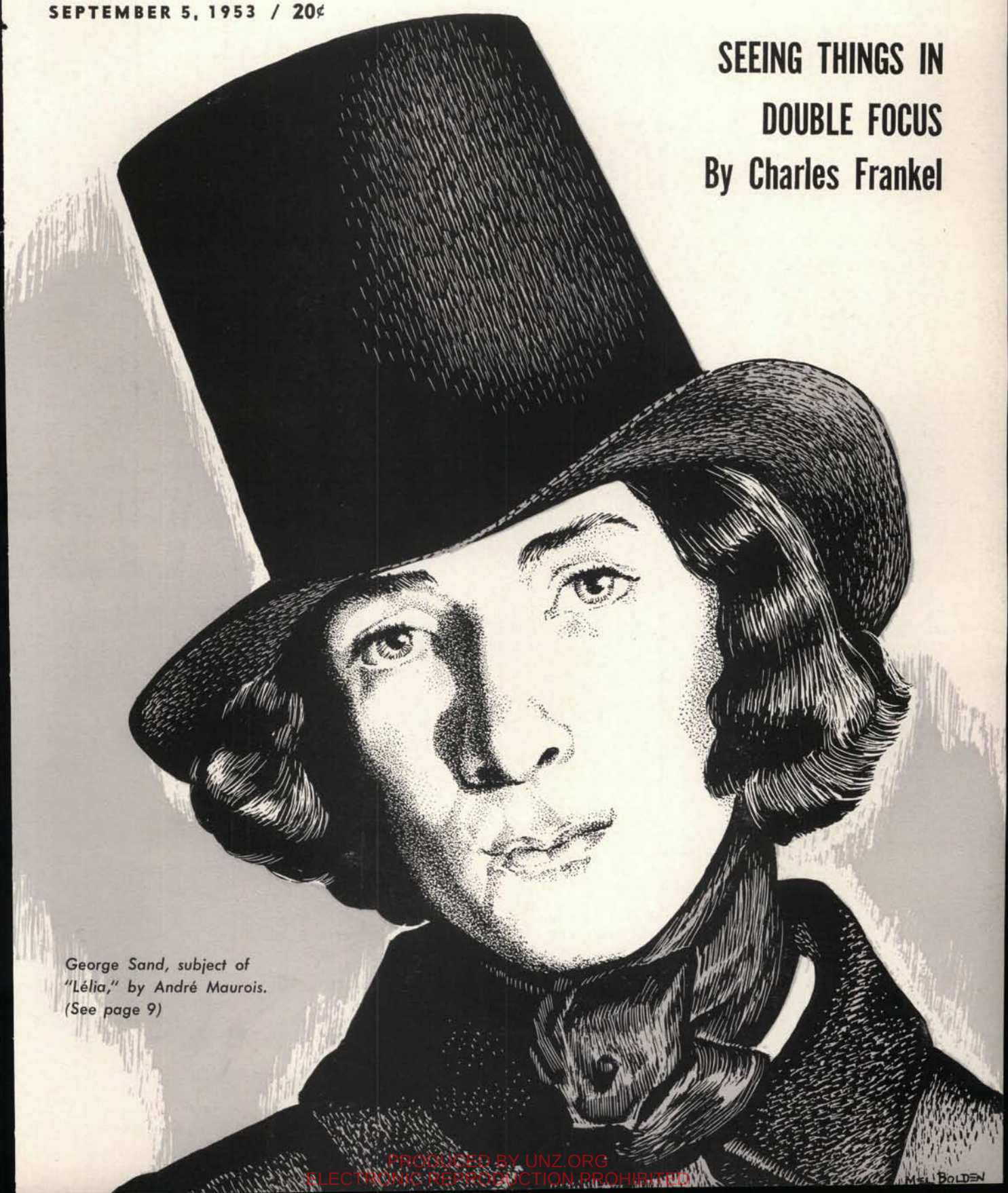
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 5, 1953 / 20¢

SEEING THINGS IN DOUBLE FOCUS

By Charles Frankel



George Sand, subject of "Lélia," by André Maurois. (See page 9)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The people vs. Fred:

"Judge For Yourself" The wizard of wit in the middle... between a panel of bright show people and a panel of fun-making citizens; all judging the acts of professional entertainers. Cash prizes, too. Gad! **NBC TELEVISION**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 5, 1953

Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden
After the Painting by Delacroix

SR/IDEAS

7 SEEING THINGS IN DOUBLE FOCUS, by Charles Frankel

21 BEHIND THE BOOK: HOW TO BUILD A BEST-SELLER

22 AN UNREALIZED ASSET: AN EDITORIAL

SR/BOOKS

9 LÉLIA, by André Maurois
An Essay-Review by Laurent LeSage

10 PORTRAIT OF ANDRÉ GIDE, by Justin O'Brien
RECOLLECTIONS OF ANDRÉ GIDE, by Roger Martin du Gard
An Essay-Review by Morris Bishop

11 THREE GREAT IRISHMEN, by Arland Ussher
Reviewed by Padraic Colum

12 HITLER'S SECRET CONVERSATIONS
MEMOIRS, by Franz von Papen
An Essay-Review by Quincy Howe

14 CIANO'S HIDDEN DIARY: 1937-1938
Reviewed by Walter Consuelo Langsam

15 THE DIPLOMATS: 1919-1939, edited by Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert
Reviewed by Walter Johnson

16 AN OUTLINE OF FRENCH HISTORY, by René Sédillot
Reviewed by Paul Farmer

17 SPAIN IN THE MODERN WORLD, by James Cleugh
Reviewed by Gordon A. Craig

18 THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, edited by Martha Foley
An Essay-Review by Milton Crane

19 THE FLOWER OF MAY, by Kate O'Brien
Reviewed by Ann F. Wolfe

19 ANNA FITZALAN, by Marguerite Steen
Reviewed by Harrison Smith

35 SCULPTURE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie
Reviewed by Sidney Geist

36 THE ORIGINS OF ART, by Gene Weltfish
Reviewed by John Collier

37 MAN OF FIRE: OROZCO, by MacKinley Helm
Reviewed by Myrwyn Eaton

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 TRADE WINDS, by Laura Z. Hobson

20 LITERARY I.Q.

23 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

24 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes

26 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Hollis Alpert

27 TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon

28 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin

29 LITERARY CRYPT

30 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton

33 THE CRIMINAL RECORD

34 THE FINE ARTS, by James Thrall Soly

42 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 1015

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 36, Sept. 5, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1953 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

WHAT *makes America tick?*

THERE'S only one reason that we are reaching for your mind with this message about PRINT —namely, a realization that you are the type of person with an intellectual itch—a never satisfied thirst for more knowledge about what makes America tick. . .

PRINT MAGAZINES' current issue treats on the overall utilization of the graphic and creative arts by one Company—United Fruit Company. The complexities of this international organization are reduced to a degree of unity in this study. It is a good example of the quest for more and more knowledge on the part of PRINT.

With this issue PRINT, a de luxe bi-monthly publication begins a series of studies called "Programs in Print." Their purpose is to illustrate the philosophy, intent and method back of each printed piece produced by outstanding industries in the various branches of American enterprise.

Accurately reported, brilliantly conceived and executed, these feature presentations capsule the high spots in the public relations efforts of well known American industrial institutions and are mines of information and inspiration not only to top level policy-making executives but to all concerned with sales, advertising and the graphic arts.

Use the coupon below to become a subscriber to PRINT, and to order copies of the current issue carrying the United Fruit presentation.

Check here to subscribe ☐
Check here for single copies ☐

Check enclosed
Bill me

New subscribers get a free copy of the pioneering United Fruit presentation with each subscription at $7.50 per year (6 issues) or send me _____ copies at $1.50 each.

Order from:
PRINT: The Graphic Arts Magazine
17 West 44th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

DISCOVERY: Of the 14,000 American subscribers to the air edition of *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*, just about 14,000 read *SR*, have typewriters and pens and nice stationery and three-cent stamps and the enthusiasm to sit down and say, "I'm with you—I can't live without it

either." The *Weekly*'s non-subscribers, pitiful creatures, have three-cent stamps too, and a whale of a lot of them wrote in, after TRADE WINDS's remarks a few columns back, to ask where and how they could subscribe pronto. Feeling a bit like a Connecticut outpost of my favorite British newspaper, I sent along all the requests, after phoning the New York business manager, Ronald Black, to ask whether they'd carry on from there. They would, said Mr. Black happily. Equally happily he vouchsafed the information that a dozen or so people with access to the N.Y. telephone directory had been "phoning up" about the same thing, and then he went on to say that when his office had circularized their 14,000 last spring, asking for names of friends who might be interested in subscribing, the loyal little club had virtually disrupted all facilities by sending in names and addresses of 7,000 potentials! P.S. The *MG*'s American address (courtesy of *SR*) is 53 East 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

HUMOR AND LIBERTY go together, it seems, and in our country, under the surface foam created by attackers, the bedrock of freedom runs so deep that we can haul off and satirize ourselves in a way no Communist or Fascist has ever dared or will ever dare to do. So it was that two of America's greatest newspapers, *The New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*, printed an extraordinary advertisement by one of America's leading publishers—and printed it when the furor over "book-burning" was at its height in July. Imagine *Pravda* running a comparable ad about some crisis in the USSR!

Come all ye good people
Put book to flambeau
With a snap and a crackle
And ye ho de ho heau

With this jingle for its headline, and occupying nearly half the book page, the ad ran on July 8 and 9, and for you TRADE WINDS readers out of New York who missed it here it is complete:

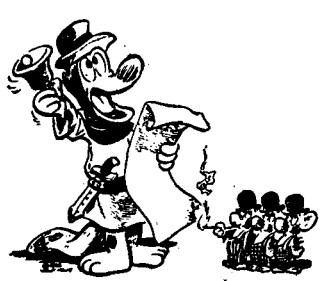
Hear ye, goodwives & good men all! There are at the book stalls even now copies of a tome entitled "Uncle Pogo So-So Stories." It is concocted by some fiddle-faddle wizardry of bat's wool, of newt-eye, adder's-fork, blind-worm's sting—and worse, God wot, of ideas. Its pages are foxed with a small magic, an eerie stain of laughter, which in these times is not in the publick interest.

Here, good folk, is a fine cheap book for the burning ($1.00).

Leading alchemists have, on their blood, sworn that the aforesaid book doth burn with a goodly light, brightly and clearly. Its pages are consumed in a trice with a quick and pretty blaze. When the smoke has cleared there is a most satisfactory ash, at once pleasing in texture and soothing to the humours.

Have ye been standing idly by for lack of books, envious of richer neighbour? Or have ye been put to great cost to procure volumes for the flame? Have the books consumed been of heavy thickness, burning slow with trouble?

Such tribulation, good people, is at an end. "Uncle Pogo So-So Stories" costs but little. Men of



Pogo—"ho de ho heau."

humble means shall not be denied the joys of conflagration. Marry, 'tis only this book which adapts itself to modest purses. One dollar and a penny match are all that good men need. Then with a good will and a lighted eye can ye every heart set to!

This book requires no poking nor stirring. It is a thin thing. It smoulders not, neither does it char. It burns, Citizens, with such ease that the most swaddling child may be trusted with the torch.

Join ye then, for a trifling sum, with all men of like complexion to gather round the flames which send the long and merrie shadows leaping through the land.

There followed a large display of the title, a picture of the book, the author's name (Walt Kelly), and the publisher's (Simon and Schuster). Bedazzled by the originality and irony of the ad, I called S. & S. to ask whether it had been, like most of the firm's brilliant ads, written by Jack Goodman, Nina Bourne, or perhaps Richard L. Simon himself. Apparently dozens of other people had phoned or written asking the same question, ordering reprints for framing and for distribution. Newspapers had requested permission to quote from it, a few TV stations to show it on their screens. And the answer to my question was, somehow, an added delight. The author of the ad was the author of "Pogo," Walt Kelly himself.

PARTISAN POETRY? A. G. Ivey, associate editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal* informs TRADE WINDS that when Governor Kerr Scott moved out of office half a year ago and Governor Umstead moved in North Carolina saw not only the usual packing up of government folk, but also the replacement of the state's poet laureate, Arthur Talmadge Abernethy, by a new Umstead-appointed poet laureate, James Larkin Pearson. A poem about this swapping of poets recently appeared on the paper's editorial page. It ends, "Poets are sensitive creatures to be sure/ Apt to be temperamental and nervous/ The only way to protect poets laureate/ Is put them under personnel classification and civil service."

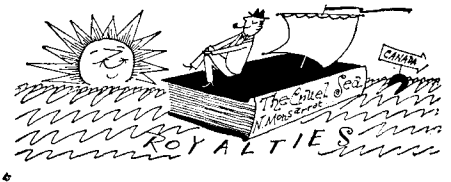
WITH THE MOVIE CRITICS dancing in the streets (shades of Alexander Humphreys Woollcott) over Ealing Studio's production of Nicholas Monsarrat's "The Cruel Sea," nobody at Alfred A. Knopf is made miserable by the coincidence that Mr. Monsarrat's new novel is to be published in two weeks. "The Story of Esther Costello" is reported to be "a powerful, sometimes horrifying" story of press agentry, commercialism, and ballyhoo; bookstore crystal-globers all expect big things of and for it. As for the author himself, his own life would make, as they say, a book.

Nicholas John Turney Monsarrat was born in 1910 in Liverpool, son of a well-known surgeon whose ancestors had emigrated in the early nineteenth century from France to Ireland to England. At Cambridge Nicholas Monsarrat took his honors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

law degree and bought a typewriter. After two years in a solicitor's office he chucked the law, moved into a Paddington slum, and wrote three novels. "They were about love, love, and love," said Mr. Monsarrat once, "in that order." Each of the three earned roughly fifty pounds, and rough it was. Mr. Monsarrat did some eking with magazine stories and articles, and wrote a play, "The Visitor," which saw production, with Greer Garson for leading lady. Then came the war, and the Navy, where he served on convoy escort, attaining the rank of lieutenant commander before it was over and getting himself mentioned in dispatches for bravery. Somehow during those war years Mr. Monsarrat managed to write four non-fiction books about naval operations in general and corvettes in particular. As the war was ending a short novel, about a wartime honeymoon, was published; "Leave Cancelled" won him the warmest of praise for sensitive writing, the coldest of disapproval for horrid frankness, and the first sizable royalties he had ever seen.

After demobilization he was appointed director of the United Kingdom Information Office in South Africa and moved his family to Johannesburg. It was there, in the ensuing seven years and sandwiching in the work between his official duties and broadcasting programs, that Mr.



Monsarrat wrote the 200,000 word novel "The Cruel Sea" and, since 1951, "The Story of Esther Costello." "The Cruel Sea" has appeared in fifteen languages; Knopf has sold 130,000 copies and the Book-of-the-Month Club 175,000. This summer Mr. Monsarrat crossed a no-longer cruel sea to move to Canada, where he will fill the same official position in Ottawa—and continue writing books in his spare time.

PAPERBOUND ONLY: Some sort of milestone was passed, it appears, by the opening the other day of a bookstore that will sell only softback books—featuring Penguins, Mentors, Anchors, but also carrying Bantams, Pockets, Avons, Permas, Dells, and the rest. The City Lights Bookshop is its name; it's the new venture of a San Francisco little magazine, *City Lights*, and is located at North Beach out there. Hardback authors—to the lifeboats!

—Laura Z. Hobson

They're falling for Us

"WE SEEM TO GAIN MORE FRIENDS EVERY DAY, WHITEY!"

"WE SURE DO, BLACKIE. THAT'S BECAUSE PEOPLE KNOW THAT THE QUALITY AND CHARACTER OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo by John Loengard

If you liked
Portrait of Jennie
and One More Spring—

If you like

ROBERT NATHAN

then you'll like

THE TRAIN IN THE MEADOW

If you didn't—you won't

Here is Robert Nathan at his very best. Turning his smooth-flowing style and his unique mixture of fantasy and reality, of satire and sentiment, towards some of the universal problems of present-day living, he has written a remarkable and—on several levels—enjoyable book.

Again he has translated experience into a tale that is infinitely wise and infinitely innocent and that conveys a sense of absolute truth. Writing from his heart as well as his mind, he has given us a book that stays with us long after we have finished it.

"One of the tenderest and most delicate of [Robert Nathan's novels]. . . . I can think of nothing that should mar the complete reading pleasure which this book will afford."

—EDWARD WAGENKNECHT, *Chicago Tribune*

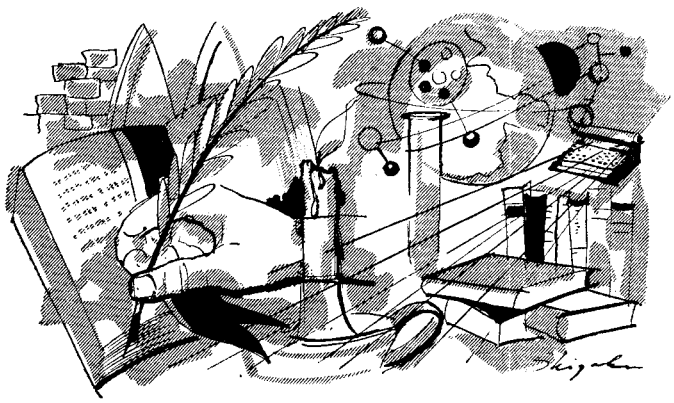
$2.75 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 5, 1953



SEEING THINGS IN DOUBLE FOCUS

By CHARLES FRANKEL

In the postwar revival of religious thinking many claims have been made for the spiritual sustenance of existentialist philosophy. How well existentialism serves a religious function is the theme of this article by Charles Frankel, author and associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

NO ONE who has followed even casually the religious thought of the postwar years can fail to be impressed not only by the force and eloquence of those who are now writing on religious themes, but by the peculiar appeal and urgency which these themes now seem to possess. Men who were once poets of social radicalism have become the poets of different and less worldly visions. Men like Reinhold Niebuhr, Paul Tillich, and Jacques Maritain have exerted an influence not only on religious thought, but on the mood and temper of an increasing number of secular intellectuals. They have developed philosophies which represent a deliberate and systematic rejection of liberal, secular theories of history and progress. The very authority which their names now carry suggests how large a change they have helped to bring about in prevalent conceptions of the standards and objectives that are proper to the intellectual life, and to secular culture as a whole.

There can, in fact, be no doubt that religious thought has struck a rich new vein. For all the traditional terms and ancient pieties which it invokes, it now speaks a peculiarly contemporary idiom and seems to have captured a peculiarly contemporary mood. There is in religious writing today—it is the first impression one receives—an air of confidence and assurance which suggests that the religious writer no longer feels like a displaced person seeking entry into the community. As much by his manner as by what he says, it is plain that he assumes what his predecessor twenty-five years ago did not dare to assume—that he is writing for an audience for whom religion is once again something more than a rumor, an audience which has not yet, perhaps, been saved by faith, but which does know out of its own experience what it means to live through the dark night of the soul.

This is, I think, the source of the singular power which the present movement in religious thought so unmistakably possesses. The forbidding dialectic of Tillich, the dark *aperçus* of Simone Weil, are the expressions of a large and genuine stirring of the religious emotions and a religious consciousness. And there is something more in the scholastic refinements of Maritain, or the "neo-orthodoxy" of Professor Niebuhr, than a return to old creeds, or old rituals, or old moralities—the resurgence of a kind of experience to which religion has traditionally played host, and out of which new creeds and moralities have frequently emerged. We do not yet know what faith, if any, will prevail, or "what strange beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward Bethlehem to be born." But it is plain that a significant revival of the religious mood and temper is taking place, and that a new and vital mood has entered religious thought itself.

Behind the present trend in religious thought there are two bits of recent history and a variety of intellectual currents. Recent religious literature expresses, in the first place, a revolt against the things which displaced the religious emotions in the period between the two world wars—the utopian hopes that went into Communism, the deification of the State and the Leader by Fascism, the lesser cults of technology and engineering and better business which drew to themselves a kind of devotion that had previously been reserved for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideals beyond this world. These things have seemed to the religious mind not simply instances of false hopes and corrupted standards, but the natural consequences of "secularism," of the attempt to base human ideals and human institutions on purely human needs and worldly concerns.

In the second place, the present movement in religious thought represents not only an attack upon the secular substitutes for religion, but upon the secular tendencies which have invaded religion itself. Specifically, the "neo-orthodoxy" which is now dominant in religious thinking embodies the systematic rejection of the liberal theology which dominated religious centers in the Twenties and Thirties. On its practical side liberal theology turned religion almost completely into a "social gospel," into a spur and a program for democratic social reform. On its intellectual side it represented an attempt to submit religious doctrines to the test of scientific knowledge, and to make it possible for a rational man to accept religion without injury to his sense of truth, or to his belief in the continuing progress of human knowledge. But, while liberal religion brought religious morals to the test of life, and religious beliefs to the test of reason, it also managed to make religion look not very different from democracy or social reform or the general liberal faith in science and in men of good will. As any reader of their works will know, the leaders of contemporary neo-orthodoxy are by no means orthodox in their social views; if anything, they are more radical than the spokesmen for liberal religion were. But they have objected strenuously to the tendency of liberal theology to dilute the distinctive message of religion and to blur its integrity.

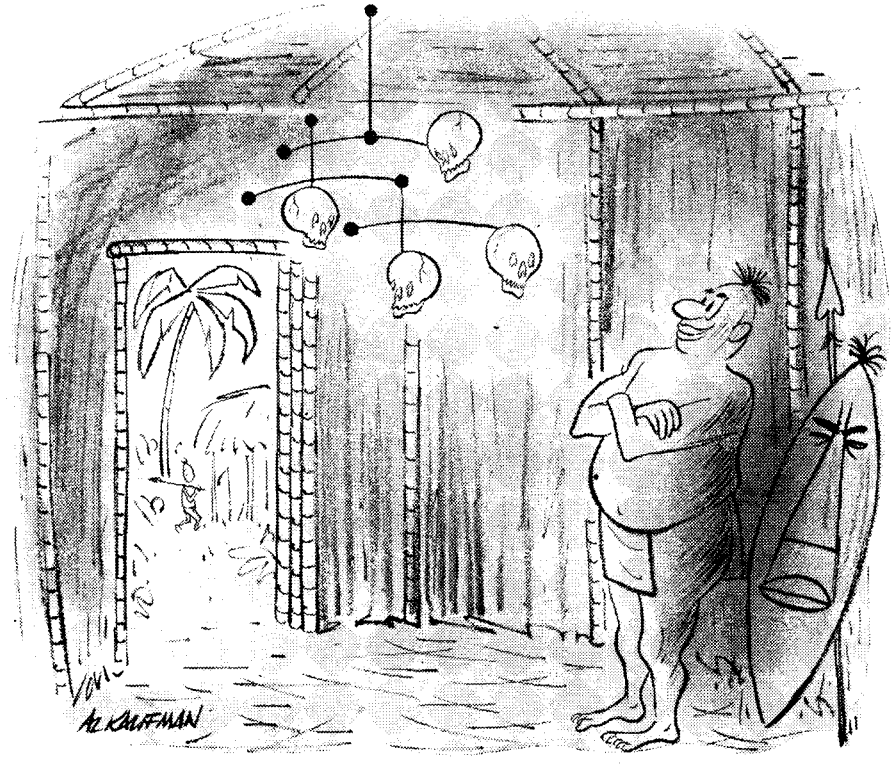
THESE recent and continuing struggles with secular gods outside religion and with rational substitutes for faith within religion account in large part for what has become the characteristic emphasis of current religious literature on the "transcendence" of God and the limits of reason. And to express these twin attitudes in terms of an inclusive set of beliefs about man and the world there has been at hand a remarkably apt and flexible intellectual tradition—existentialism. The theme of existentialism is the great theme of Hegel—the itinerary of the mind through life and time. It is interested, as Hegel was, not so much in the abstract logic of reason as in the drama of its development—its beginning, middle, and end, its fortunes and misfortunes, its tragic blindnesses and comic impertinences, and its climactic recognition scenes in which it comes to self-consciousness about its conditions and destiny. But existentialism fundamentally alters the meaning of this drama. For the great recognition scenes in Hegel are those in which one discovers that all is rational, that history and existence are the enactments of an inexorable Reason, and the individual life the playing out of a predetermined role. But the great recognition scenes in existentialism are those in which one discovers that mind and reason are the creatures of existence, provoked by its practical demands, hemmed in by its irrational urgencies, limited to its temporal horizons. Existentialism is brokenhearted Hegelianism—an encounter, not with Reason, but with Absurdity.

Existentialism is part of that large tidal drift of ideas in the modern world, in which such otherwise divergent philosophies as Marxism and John Dewey's instrumentalism are also caught up, which have emphasized "the existential determination of thought" and which have rejected the classic notion of mind as a pure and disembodied thing. All these philosophies have had to re-think seriously what might be meant by such fundamental intellectual and moral ideals as "objectivity" and "truth." But where philosophic Marxism and instrumentalism, each in its own quite different way, have continued to believe that objectivity and truth are meaningful and attainable ideals, existentialism has given up the ghost. Man, as the existentialist sees him, cannot help but measure all he thinks and does in terms of these transcendent ideals; yet he can neither define them nor attain them. And this, in the end, is the nature of "the human situation": man is doomed to strive, to seek, and not to find.

The center of the existentialist vision lies here. It is, as it were, a systematic way of seeing things in double focus—man's generalizations against his innate partisanship, man's desire to communicate with others against his inalienable isolation within himself, man's search for the limitless and the absolute against the limitations and the relativity of everything he thinks and does. It is a vision which makes all thought and all practice incurably subjective. Loneliness, despair, and anxiety become not merely passing moods but instances of the deepest form of awareness. And crisis and tension become not specific problems to be overcome by specific techniques, but the ineluctable features of "the existential situation." The crucifixion, as Kierkegaard, the father of existentialism, observed, is the symbol of human life; "the foolishness of the Cross" becomes all the fulfilment of which life is capable in its own terms.

THERE have been, by and large, three ways of living with this vision. The first has been to say, with Jean-Paul Sartre and the atheistic existentialists, that "man is condemned to be free," that he must leap in the dark and commit himself to transcendent

(*Continued on page* 39)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Pen and Top-Hat

André Maurois' "Léila" *(translated by Gerard Hopkins. Harper. 484 pp. $5) is a biography of that fabulous French lady of letters, George Sand. Here Professor Laurent LeSage of Pennsylvania State College considers it as a typical work of a writer whose work is greatly admired—and scorned—in France and in the English-speaking countries.*

By Laurent LeSage

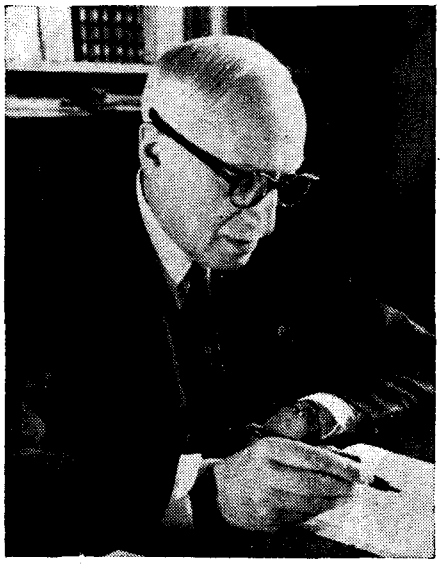
LAST spring, when André Maurois gave a speech before a statue of George Sand in the Ardennes region, the distinguished "immortal" of the Académie Française was approached by a pretty young admirer, book and pen in hand. The conversation is reported something like this: "Oh, *Maître,* may I ask you something?" "What is it, my child?" inquired M. Maurois with paternal kindliness. "Have you talked to her?" "To whom?" "To George Sand." "My dear young lady," Maurois replied somewhat less paternally, "George Sand died nine years before I was born!" "Oh, yes, *Maître,* I know, but they say you can communicate with the spirits!"

I am not sure what inspired this extraordinary rejoinder, but in reading "Lélia," the life of George Sand, I felt that Maurois had indeed called back the spirit of this great Frenchwoman of letters to relive her wonderful tempestuous life—although by literary skill rather than occult power, for André Maurois has over many years made of biography a virtual communion with the departed great.

The French invented the term *biographie romancée* to describe Maurois' knack of imparting to biography the illusion of living reality characteristic of fiction, and recognized him as the founder of a new genre. We must not think of this as historical romance, however, for Maurois' biographies are heavily documented and his respect for facts is scrupulous. Yet facts in his hands change from statistics into vital indications of some very real human being.

How does this come about? First, through superior gifts of intuition and projection Maurois has been able to obtain from a vast miscellany of data a vivid idea of the person behind the personage. Then, in transmitting his idea to the reader, he chooses with rare discernment the facts and features most suitable to illustrate the living image he himself has already formed and most likely to give the impression of an authentic existence. In "Lélia," through his liberal quotation from letters, we seem to hear George Sand speaking to us directly of her loves, her work, her convictions, and her faith. Through other documents we obtain appropriate perspective and see the subject in everyday reality. The picture we have is, of course, full of Maurois himself. He brings back the great figures of the past by breathing, as it were, some of his own life into them. But, as François Mauriac once observed, the best way to a personality of the past is across your own. This surely is the method of the *biographie romancée,* one so successful that it misleads provincial young ladies into thinking M. Maurois can turn tables.

It is doubtless due to Maurois' ability to project himself into the character he is describing that makes his George Sand such a sympathetic person. Aurore Dupin, as she was baptized, has had some defenders and many detractors among her biographers. No one has made her life more intensely human and understandable. She came into the world with a heavy burden of heredity: the hot blood of kings, soldiers, and courtesans flowed through her veins. A turbulent childhood, then a disastrous marriage brought out all the fierce aggressiveness that was her native endowment. Leaving her country-squire husband, she set forth to make her own life in the literary and artistic world of Paris in the 1830's. Her magnificent eyes turned many heads. She was fending for herself in the world like a man. She felt entitled to pursue happiness like a man. The heroine of so many love stories, vividly retold by Maurois, was an ardent feminist, fighting tooth and nail for the privileges that women can take for granted today.



André Maurois—"founder of a new genre."

Throughout her life George Sand fought passionately for her ideals: for liberty, which she found often a bitter victory; for love, which she could never make last; for a utopian republic, which she saw collapse. Yet, as an old woman, the matriarch of Nohant looked back at the glorious failures that had made up her life and regretted nothing. It seemed to her, as it does to us, a marvelous life, lived in the thick of everything. She had sought wisdom, communion, love even, with the greatest personalities of the times. Balzac, Musset, Chopin, Liszt, Delacroix counted among her friends. The dreams of the epoch had been her dreams.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, born as Emil Herzog in 1885, changed his name and quit his job when his first book scored a success. This was the "Silences of Colonel Bramble," humorous sketches inspired by his contacts with the British during the First World War. From 1918 on Maurois has devoted himself exclusively to literature and has won international renown with his biographies, novels, essays, and lecture tours.

The biographies are, at least abroad, Maurois' chief claim to fame. His lives of great personalities from Shelley to Cecil Rhodes have been so popular with English readers that there may be some truth in a remark uttered in scorn by a French critic that apparently we take Maurois to be the greatest living French writer. I doubt if we know so well his novels and essays. "Climates" was an immensely successful novel in its day and deserves to be still read for its psychological analysis. The French recognize Maurois' power as an analyst and *moraliste,* but find him deficient in creative ability. It is curious in an age such as ours, when the critical spirit so often stifles creativeness, that Maurois should be singled out for this reproach. It is also curious that Maurois should be found lacking in creative ability when it is just this faculty that distinguishes his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

biographies. But one must concur heartily in attributing to him a great talent for the essay. As a student in Rouen he had the good fortune to study under Alain, one of the great teachers of modern times. The influence of this deep-eyed Cartesian and optimist is easily apparent, not only in Maurois' urbane philosophy, but also in his facility of exposition which makes his writing accessible to all readers whatever the subject may be. His presentation of ideas is always admirably clear, and all those who have heard him in the lecture hall or clubroom realize what a superior teacher, too, he would have made as well.

It is not hard to see what young Bohemians find so irritating in the gentleman of letters that Maurois symbolizes. He lives in Neuilly, a polite suburb of Paris, and moves exclusively in comfortable and conservative bourgeois society. He is respectable, an Academician, and a *mondain*. Accompanied by his wife, who bears the illustrious maiden name of Caillavet, he is conspicuous wherever *Tout-Paris* gathers, at music and drama festivals, first nights, and the like. Society women sit on little gilt chairs to listen to him lecture discreetly and charmingly of love. Mills College girls were treated to his cultivated voice during the war years which he spent in California. In this country he is at home in the polite society of university professors, where, according to a sarcastic French critic, "he and his kindred spirits can pay calls on each other and make glib speeches on the great sister geniuses of France and the United States."

French writers regard his Anglo-Saxon affiliations with suspicious hostility. In accepting the role of good-will ambassador between France and English-speaking countries, Maurois has put himself in the delicate position of having to defend both civilizations, one to the other, and his own interpretations of them. Even with Maurois' experience and tact it would be surprising if he could make one country's actions always agreeable to the other or satisfied with his analysis of its own behavior. While acknowledging the obvious limitations of one man's point of view (and the desirability of hearing additional and different voices back and forth across the Atlantic), we must honor Maurois' courage in persisting in his worthy but often ungrateful task. One wonders at times how, before hecklers and young ladies from the Ardennes, M. Maurois can maintain the serene affability which his detractors find so contemptible.

The Horticulture of Fever

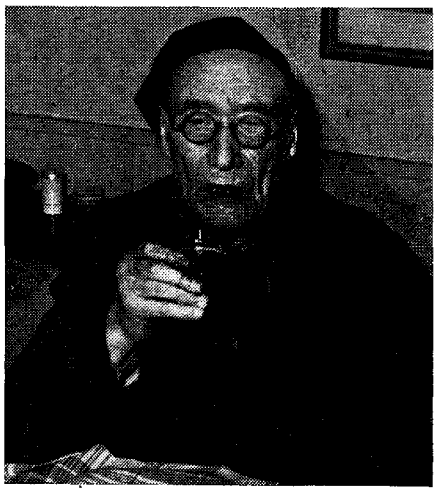
"Portrait of André Gide," by Justin O'Brien *(Alfred A. Knopf. 404 pp. $6), and* ***"Recollections of André Gide," by Roger Martin du Gard*** *(translated by John Russell. Viking Press. 184 pp. $2.75), provide Professor Bishop of Cornell University an occasion to assess the significance of the French Nobel Prize-winner for contemporary American readers.*

By Morris Bishop

WHAT I always want to know, and what critics sometimes fail to tell me, is whether the book under review is a good book, worth reading, worth buying.

Justin O'Brien's "Portrait of André Gide" is a good book. Mr. O'Brien probably knows as much as any living man about Gide. He has chosen to write, as he says, "something between a critical study and a biography, or perhaps a combination of the two." He has done well, for Gide's biography is primarily a history of his ideas, and his ideas can be elucidated only with reference to his private life, if he can be said to have had a private life. Mr. O'Brien has described and explained, accurately, thoroughly, calmly, judiciously. He has written, I think, the best introduction to Gide for American readers.

The Professor of French Literature will order several copies of this good book for his college library, require his students of Twentieth-Century French Literature to read it, even read it himself. The amiable general reader, piqued by all the ruffle and rowdydow about Gide and Gide-ism, will find here the answer to most of his questions.



Gide: "To disturb is my function."

Roger Martin du Gard's "Recollections of André Gide" is also a good book. It is a selection from the author's journals, with added notes. No one knew Gide better than his fellow Nobel-Prizeman; no one has given us a sharper portrait of the man. His is a vivid, exasperated, amused, affectionate description of a genius. The book is worth reading, worth buying, not only by students of Gide but by anyone interested in the behavior of exceptional men. It is beautifully translated by John Russell.

And yet, one reflects, both of these good books take the greatness of Gide for granted. No doubt his intellectual dominance in France of the *entre-deux-guerres,* his Nobel Prize are proof enough of his importance. Mr. O'Brien, therefore, describes and analyzes Gide's work, his animating ideas, his literary and philosophical positions; but he gives us surprisingly little in the way of judgments of value.

He does not raise such questions as: "What accounts for the fame in France of this man who never wrote an unquestionable masterpiece, who barely touched the consciousness of English-speaking countries? What is his present standing in France? What is, or should be, his importance to us? What is the permanent value of his writings? What is good or bad in his work, what is strong or weak?" Because Mr. O'Brien hardly admits such questions his book does not displace the good book by Van Meter Ames or the superb book by Albert J. Guérard.

The fact is, as Mr. O'Brien indeed points out, that Gide's work was more questioning than affirmative in spirit. "To disturb is my function," he said. His great influence was wielded in France in the twenty years after 1918, when the old nineteenth-century certainties had disappeared, when every new certainty was labeled "perishable." He was the French Mencken, more literary and philosophical than Mencken, more radical in thought, more French, in short. But in the same way he brought confidence in dissent to the troubled, courage to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the timid in unfaith. "Les Nourritures terrestres" ("Fruits of the Earth") was a revelation to the young survivors of the First World War. Their letters to Gide, breathing adoration and trust, are almost embarrassing to read. They thanked Gide for his lesson of complete sincerity, for his doctrine of Disquiet, Uprooting, Availability, and Fervor. This new Fourfold Way seemed a mystic faith, leading to some mysterious earthly paradise. Yet essentially it was a negative faith, a mere revolt against the virtues, recommended by parents and schoolmasters, of Sobriety, Respect for Tradition, Constancy, and Self-Restraint.

I knew a tiresome young Frenchman once whose tiresome refrain was: *"Si l'on veut faire de sa vie une belle esthétique . . ."* He meant merely that he was going to do everything, try everything, eat and drink everything, accept responsibility for nothing, and all with an air of superiority. He had fed well on "Les Nourritures terrestres"; he was one of the baser phenomena of Gide-ism.

I DOUBT if many young Frenchmen today are overwhelmed by the Gidian doctrines. American students seem to take them calmly, as simply more Required Reading. Gide's message stirred and shattered the young of thirty years ago because we were then in a period of myth-destruction, when everything the elders said seemed false because the elders, who had ruined the world, said it. Then such an outcry as Gide's "Families, I hate you!" seemed dazzling wisdom. Now that the chief purpose of youth seems to be the premature perpetuation of the family Gide's proclamation is more plaintive than terrifying.

Today we are in a myth-making period. Sartre's "engagement" has had its great success in France. Here, religious, social, political faiths make their converts among the young. We must have our faith or our faiths, and we must smite the infidel who professes his false and wicked faith.

Does this mean that Gide is outdated, classified, and filed away under History of Ideas? Why, no. He remains one of the great modern Socratic midwives of thought. He urges us still to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. He tells us that we must make our own judgments and follow them to their conclusions, with all the sincerity of which we are capable. His lesson is more important when it is unpopular in a period of myth-making than when it is acclaimed in a period of myth-destruction.

And he did write so beautifully!

Yeats, Joyce, Shaw—by Augustus John.

A Gaelic Trill

"Three Great Irishmen: Shaw, Yeats, Joyce," by Arland Ussher *(Devin-Adair, 160 pp. $3) is a Gaelic scholar and philosopher's appraisal of three distinguished literary compatriots. Mr. Colum, our reviewer, is the author of more than a score of volumes of stories and verse about Ireland.*

By Padraic Colum

IN THE reviews of Arland Ussher's "Three Great Irishmen" that have thus far appeared, stress has been laid on the notable subjects and their exponent made to appear as a late and rather tired worker in the vineyard. This does less than justice to a singularly well-equipped interpreter of and commentator on the work of Shaw, Yeats, and Joyce. "Three Great Irishmen" is the meditation of a philosopher (Ussher has been called an existentialist, but existentialist is the middle name for any philosopher nowadays) on the most imposing writers of our age—in English, anyway. It is literary criticism on the level of a philosophical discussion which, through the use of dialectic, becomes something of a symposium.

It is as a philosopher that Arland Ussher notes that the age which rediscovered Aquinas should have also called forth "like a derisive echo, this jesting, word-mincing scholastic," James Joyce; saying this, he makes Joyce's Scholasticism, which to many readers seemed out of date, a component of contemporary intellectual life. Of GBS he says, "He rescues us from the two extremes of cynicism and poeticism, in which the pure esthetes are always getting themselves involved" and thus indicates the exceptional place the popular dramatist has in nineteenth-century literature. Yeats as a thinker has been deprecated, but of the writer of "A Vision" and "Ego Dominus Tuus" Arland Ussher says, "In its general lines, 'A Vision' has affinities with Hegel's 'Philosophy of Spirit,' though Yeats has in some ways a more worthy conception of personality than Hegel had."

The country in which he situates his trio—in the case of Shaw only partially—is an Ireland that is known only to the philosopher and the scholar (it should be mentioned that among his other disciplines Arland Ussher is a Gaelic scholar and has Gaelic for a vernacular), an Ireland that, because of her isolation and outside domination, experienced neither the Renaissance, the Reforma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, nor the French Revolution; in which Catholicism to defend itself has had to take on the narrowness of a Protestant sect; in which an early intellectual life had been more influenced by Byzantium than by Rome, with the consequence that the Irish mind too often shows itself pedantic and oversubtle.

IT IS a country in which the green grass and the gray stones take a light that is perpetually shifting. This gives the scene a particular animation. It is not too much to say that the shifting light plays on the pages of Arland Ussher's book giving it a like animation. He employs a shifting point of view, noting that "the mind that can contemplate without prejudice should find the correctives and balances in the things themselves and in their inner relations." Pious Shavians will be shocked to hear him speak of the "pleasing amateurism" of the master. But if one compares any play by GBS with "Hedda Gabler" or "Emperor and Galilean" one will know that the observation is just. It is just, not because Shaw's plays seem to have a casual construction, but because, in the philosophic plays, he never succeeds in fusing his art and his thought. But then Shaw has produced what of its kind is the best in the world—unequaled conversation.

Situating his trio in the world of intellect discernible to the philosopher he is able to give us characterizations which we can meditate on. "By attaining to the uttermost self-realization in song, Yeats—beyond any man in our fevered age—lived out his Purgatory and achieved the 'breathless' state of Death in Life; the paradise of the artefact, the glory of changeless metal—*aere perenius*. By toying with mere Action as a 'mask,' he taught the practical man the unimportance of action, and to philosophers its importance." Joyce "has redeemed more sordidness, and won more provinces of reality for art, than, I think, any other writer in English." "He is in a sense the last great Christian, and calls us to a fabulous, a farcical—but not really a corrupt or Satanic—communion." "Finnegans Wake" is like the old epic the "Cattle Raid of Cuailgne"—"similarly grand, simple, and austere in plan, similarly extravagant, overworked and unequal in parts." It is "the one true nature myth of modern writing which springs straight from the urban scene, without the interposition of literature or folk-lore."

According to Arland Ussher, Yeats's weakness is in his transitions. I am now going to show a weakness of the

(*Continued on page* 29)

Goosestep Götterdämmerung

"Hitler's Secret Conversations: 1941-1944," *(Farrar, Straus & Young. 597 pp. $6.50) and* ***Franz von Papen's "Memoirs"*** *(translated by Brian Connell. E. P. Dutton. 634 pp. $6.50) are revelations of the psychology of two leading modern Germans that also illuminate the course of Western history. They are reviewed here by Quincy Howe, whose "The World We Sought," the latest volume in his "World History of Our Times," will be published later this month.*

By Quincy Howe

ALLIED propaganda during the First World War and the war-guilt clause of the Versailles Treaty brought forth, by way of reaction, a group of revisionist historians who challenged some of the charges brought against the Imperial German Government. During the 1950's a later generation of historians may challenge some of the assumptions on which some of the same allies fought some of the same enemies in the Second World War. But the latter-day revisionists, unlike the revisionists of the 1920's, will have few kind words to say for their enemies. On the contrary. The new revisionists will be able to make out an even stronger case against Hitler today than Roosevelt or Churchill could ten years ago. But, since it is also a case against ourselves, it may never be made.

Until Hitler came to power twenty years ago his resemblance to Charlie Chaplin made him a comic figure in the eyes of the outside world. But the Marxists soon straightened us out. They represented Hitler as the paid agent of German big business. And those who rejected the Marxist dogma found it easy to accept the dogma of those racists who represented Hitler as a modern synthesis of Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Nietzsche, and Kaiser Wilhelm II. Konrad Heiden's biography "Der Fuehrer" offered a more original, convincing, and comprehensive interpretation by depicting Hitler as the leader of the ruined and uprooted middle class. Heiden's biography ends with the blood purge of 1934. Alan Bullock's more recent and complete life of Hitler devotes equal stress to his revolutionary and his nationalist pretensions. But another British historian, H. R. Trevor-Roper, goes further. He has written an essay, "The Mind of Adolf Hitler," in which he maintains that "Hitler's miraculous career is not to be explained by the mere enumeration of his actions, or the registration of his personal behavior; it is to be explained, if at all, by the mental power which he directed to the questions of history and politics, revolution and ideology, strategy and power."

MR. Trevor-Roper came to this conclusion after reading "Hitler's Secret Conversations," a volume to which his essay serves as introduction. These conversations, or monologues, cover the period from July 1941 to November 1944, and in them Hitler discoursed to a few intimates on the themes mentioned by Mr. Trevor-Roper as well as on religion, sex, personalities, and esthetics with an assurance if not an authority that will surprise many readers. Hitler's deputy, Martin Bormann, supervised the transcription and the editing, and though some liberties have surely been taken with the original spoken words there seems little reason to doubt that the finished product does indeed depict what Mr. Trevor-Roper calls the "mind," but what others might prefer to call the "will" or even the *Drang*, of Adolf Hitler.

The secrets that these conversations of Hitler reveal have little to do with high politics or grand strategy. They have something to do with German tradition and character. They have most of all to do with modern Western civilization and its end-result, the "common man." Adolf Hitler did not invent anti-Semitism. He did not found the cult of Nordic superiority. Other Germans, and non-Germans, have written as violently as he on both these familiar themes. But no other German or non-German

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Bettmann Archive.

The Leader meets the Leader in the palmy days of 1937.

in our time ever attained such power as Hitler, and his secret conversations disclose that he owed his success to a wide variety of appeals to a wide variety of human instincts. Even Hitler's anti-Semitism and Pan-Germanism, which distinguish him from other demagogues in other lands, rest on assumptions of racial superiority by no means peculiar to the German people.

Premier Malan of South Africa and Governor Byrnes of South Carolina hold to a belief in "white supremacy" almost indistinguishable from Hitler's racial complexes, and millions of their half-educated followers succumb to the same passions as the Nazis. The defeat of Hitler may have checked anti-Semitism and Pan-Germanism; it did not eradicate racial prejudice among the victors or the vanquished. Rather did the end of the Second World War usher in a new era of racial conflict as the dark-skinned peoples of Asia turn against their white overlords.

"ASIA, what a disquieting reservoir of men! The safety of Europe will not be assured until we have driven Asia back behind the Urals. No organized Russian State must be allowed to exist west of that line. They are brutes, and neither Bolshevism nor Tsarism makes any difference—they are brutes in a state of nature. The danger would be still greater if this space were Mongolized. Suddenly a wave comes foaming down from Asia and surprises a Europe benumbed by civilization and deceived by the illusion of collective security." If these words are more widely accepted today than when Hitler first uttered them on September 25, 1941, that does not mean that the Nazis "won the war." It does mean that Hitler was anticipating what more and more Americans, and perhaps Europeans, too, have come to believe.

Hitler also anticipated the postwar tendency of the world to divide itself into a few large continental groupings, similar to Eurasia, Eastasia, and Oceania, as George Orwell called them in "Nineteen Eighty-Four." The wartime ideal of One World has given place to the Atlantic Community and the Union of Europe while Communist Russia and Communist China lay the ground-work of a Co-Prosperity Sphere that makes the Japanese militarists look provincial. Hitler admired Stalin as the man who had organized a strong central government in Russia and it was toward the east that Hitler always looked for Germany's ultimate salvation. Churchill still tries to accommodate himself as best he can to the commanding position that Russia gained in Eastern Europe. Roosevelt seems barely to have visualized the prospect that materialized after his death. His successors, therefore, try to turn back the hands of the clock, and eventually find themselves talking, if not acting, like Hitler.

This does not, of course, extend to what Hitler and what Roosevelt's successors have to say about the Christian religion. "Our era will certainly see the end of the disease of Christianity," said Hitler. "It will last another hundred years, two hundred years perhaps. My regret will be that I couldn't, like whoever the prophet was, behold the promised land from afar." Like a Communist, Hitler said. "To make death easier for people, the Church holds out to them the bait of a better world. We, for our part, confine ourselves to asking man to fashion his life worthily." But, unlike a true Communist, Hitler also argued: "Christianity is a prototype of Bolshevism: the mobilization by the Jew of the masses of slaves with the object of undermining society." This mish-mash of Marx and Nietzsche will affront men of faith and men of reason alike, but at a time when the traditional religions have gone on the defensive everywhere Hitler still articulates the fears, hopes, and prejudices of millions.

If a revision of recent history would assign to Hitler a blacker if not a bigger role than he thought he played, Franz von Papen emerges as more of a fool and less of a knave than many took him for. His "Memoirs" achieves its purpose of clearing him of some of the crimes charged against him, but only because it reveals him as such a blunderer. Choosing the role of political opportunist, Papen first turned against the Center Party and then turned against his church to cooperate with Hitler and finally against Hitler to cooperate with his country's enemies. But each successive shift of loyalty failed to achieve its purpose and Papen ended up betraying only himself. Like Hitler, Papen regarded all Slavs as inherently inferior and all Germans as divinely appointed to rule Eastern and Central Europe. He deplored Hitler's methods, but sought the same goals, and the record shows that Hitler's program came closer to success than Papen's ever did. Both men, as practical politicians, must be judged on the basis of practical performance; in addition, Hitler's brutish, ignorant table talk possesses a vitality, a relevance, a sincerity that Papen's snivelling memoirs lack. In Chancellor Adenauer the German people and the Catholic Church have produced at least one man far better equipped than Franz von Papen to oppose what Hitler stood for. It remains to be seen whether the rest of the human race, during the rest of this century, will produce and respond to similar leadership or whether future historians will describe Hitler as the first major prophet of a new Dark Age.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heir Apparent to the Mob

"Ciano's Hidden Diary: 1937-1938" *(translated by Andreas Mayor. E. P. Dutton. 220 pp. $4) presents a candid portrait of the Italian foreign minister and his father-in-law, Il Duce. Here it is reviewed by President Walter Consuelo Langsam of Gettysburg College, author of "The World Since 1914."*

By Walter Consuelo Langsam

THE diary of Count Galeazzo Ciano was written, with an eye to possible eventual publication, by a man who, while not stupid nor without charm, seemingly was naive, vain, and largely devoid of character and ethics. It offers a striking picture of the type of individual—cynical, opportunistic, untruthful, contemptuous of traditional spiritual values—who comes to occupy high position when a nation allows mongers of hate, passion, and violence to become its leaders.

Lost in blind adoration of his father-in-law, Mussolini, childishly eager to ape and win the praise of the Germans, vacillating and hesitant about making decisions, bored when having to listen to anyone whose views did not coincide with his own, Ciano apparently was not a very busy official. But since he had married the boss's daughter and held an influential office, his notes contain interesting behind-the-scenes information.

One of the outstanding and most useful parts of the latest volume of his diary, entitled "Ciano's Hidden Diary, 1937-1938," is the introduction by Malcolm Muggeridge—journalist, soldier, and now editor of *Punch*. His pages present a clear distillation, unmuddled by local color, of what is new and important in this diary of Mussolini's foreign minister for the period from August 23, 1937 to December 31, 1938. ("The Ciano Diaries," published in the United States in 1946, covered the time from January 1, 1939, to December 23, 1943, the eve of Ciano's execution.) The new volume has been competently translated, excellently annotated, and well indexed by Andreas Mayor.

The diary makes plainer than the world perhaps realized how very much fed up Franco and his Italian allies became with each other during the Spanish civil war. Eventually, Franco could "hardly wait for [the Italians] to clear out," and Mussolini complained that the Spaniards, "thanks to their Arab descent, don't understand war on a large scale."

The Germans, it appears from the diary, kept their Axis friends entirely in the dark regarding their plans in 1938 for the absorption of Austria and the breakup of Czechoslovakia. For that reason, and for fear of further German activity in the direction of Balkania, Rome drew closer to Yugoslavia, especially while the latter was dominated by Milan Stoyadinovich. Plans for the occupation of Albania, to strengthen Italy's hold on the Adriatic, were in preparation for well over a year, and for a time apparently even included an official plot for the assassination of King Zog.

Great Britain and France, especially the latter, were so thoroughly despised by Mussolini that after the Munich Agreement he was "only moderately happy," since failure to agree would have enabled the Axis "to liquidate France and Great Britain for ever."

THROUGHOUT the period of the diary and presumably also before and after that time, Mussolini was much vexed by the constant suspicion, ill-will, and friction among high Fascist officials; by the activities of the Catholic Action; by the papacy's objection to his official anti-Semitic policy; and by King Victor Emmanuel's constant warnings that Germany could not be trusted and that ruin would follow the Axis entanglement. On one occasion the Duce threatened: "A sign from me would be enough to unleash all the anti-clericalism of the Italian people, which has found it hard work to swallow a Jewish God." On another, he described the Vatican as "anti-Catholic." And so far from heeding the King's advice, he had seldom been "so happy" as on the day of the signing of the German-Japanese-Italian Pact.

Count Ciano—"blind adoration."

MUSSOLINI, who, it appears, sent insulting anonymous letters to foreign diplomats and writers whose words or actions displeased him, expressed himself pungently—and ignorantly—on various nationalities. The English, he said, "have their minds in the seats of their trousers." The French he dismissed as a nation "ruined by alcohol, syphilis, and journalism." The United States he called "a country of niggers and Jews." At the Swiss he hurled the "frightful insult" of calling them democratic, because "only a base, vile, insignificant country can be democratic." It was also this man and this mentality who one morning could promote a certain military officer and in the afternoon of the same day cancel the promotion when it appeared that the officer was a bachelor. "A general," said the Duce, "must be the first to realize that without men you cannot have divisions."

Imitating his father-in-law, whose praise always "overwhelmed" him, Ciano also disposed of entire peoples in snappy sentences. While sending financial subsidies to fascists in Belgium and Brazil, he despised the Hungarians, Poles, Greeks, Romanians, and Russians.

Obviously anyone who spoke as often as Mussolini, and who talked about himself so much, was destined to say some startling things. Three short relevant quotations from among the many in the diary, will serve better than volumes of narrative to characterize the man whom the Italian nation for twenty years followed as its leader. "I want," said the Duce, "to be feared and hated." Again, "I was born never to leave the Italians in peace. First Africa, now Spain, tomorrow something else." And for his epitaph he wanted the inscription: "Here lies one of the most intelligent animals who ever appeared on the face of the earth."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Defense of the Swallowtail

"The Diplomats: 1919 - 1939," edited by Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert *(Princeton University Press. 700 pp. $9), is a collection of studies by academic specialists of the ways in which the principal foreign offices operated between the wars. It provides arguments for those who would improve rather than ignore or merely denounce our foreign service, writes our reviewer, Walter Johnson, of the University of Chicago and author of "William Allen White's America."*

By Walter Johnson

AMONG our Allies the prestige of the United States has deteriorated to a shocking degree. Many countries are disturbed over what they consider to be America's overriding concern with negative anti-Communism. They feel that the United States places too much emphasis on military preparedness and too little emphasis on the economic and political development of underdeveloped areas. Throughout Southeast Asia it is charged that the United States supports the "reactionary regime" of Chiang Kai-shek and the "bankrupt colonialism" of France in Indo-China. Furthermore, American pressure for Japanese rearmament inflames these nations which only recently suffered from the oppressive Japanese occupation.

With such attitudes prevalent abroad, it is of utmost necessity that our diplomats be of the highest quality and equipped to correct misconceptions about America. Unfortunately, our Foreign Service is right now being slashed in personnel at a time when we can ill afford inadequate representation overseas, and the morale of our professional diplomat has reached its lowest state since William Jennings Bryan tried to use the Foreign Service as a happy hunting ground for "Deserving Democrats." It is most unfortunate, therefore, that "The Diplomats, 1919-1939" probably will not be widely read, particularly by the Congress, which has a long record of antagonism to career diplomats. The book contains a collection of chapters about diplomats and diplomacy between the two world wars, written by a number of scholars, and ably edited by Professors Gordon A. Craig of Princeton and Felix Gilbert of Bryn Mawr.

Here are excellent pictures of British, French, German, Russian, Italian, Japanese, and American diplomats in action as well as analyses of the operation of the various foreign offices. Some attention, too, is given the diplomacy and the diplomats of several of the small powers in the era between Versailles and the outbreak of the Second World War.

We are taken through the ups and downs of career diplomats in democratic countries like Great Britain, France, and the United States where the mood of the time was hostile to too much reliance on professional diplomats. The diplomats of the totalitarian powers apparently fared no better. They were torn between serving their Foreign Office, the Secret Police, and the Party. One result of serving too many masters was that the totalitarian diplomats tended to send home reports that their masters wanted to read, rather than objective reports, on the countries to which they were assigned. On the other hand, the diplomats of democratic countries frequently found that foreign policy was the prisoner of domestic politics. Politicians ignored their advice, made commitments without bothering to inform the Foreign Office, and sent non-diplomats to many international conferences.

As Professors Craig and Gilbert point out in their introduction to "The Diplomats, 1919-1939," a reading of the chapters in this book demonstrates that during the interwar years (1) political leaders preferred "diplomacy by conference" to the technique of negotiation by note and of diplomats exchanging views; (2) professional diplomats were excluded from important discussions; (3) politicians headed special missions which professional diplomats could have performed perfectly well; (4) preferment went to the diplomats who reported what their superiors wanted to hear rather than to those whose analyses of the situation have been borne out by history.

The editors remark—and it is a message of immense significance today:

> . . . it is dangerous to carry distrust of professional diplomacy to the point where you always

"Well, this is a little off the subject of Communism, but I'd like to make use of my immunity to admit that I committed the Roscoe Kearns Murder of July 1935."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insist upon doing what the professionals say must not be done and always refuse to do what they describe as necessary. Too many of the interwar political leaders succumbed to this kind of perverseness, with odd, and sometimes fateful, results. Surely they would have been better advised to make the necessary reforms in the machinery of diplomacy, so that it might, while becoming once more an effective means of promoting the national interest, have also been able to operate again—in the words of Sir Robert Peel—as "the great engine used by civilized society for the purpose of maintaining peace."

Ambassador Joseph C. Grew frequently has observed that the Foreign Service is the nation's first line of defense. An outstanding diplomat faces the difficult task of accurately presenting the views of his government to the government to which he is assigned and, at the same time, of reporting intelligently on the trends in the nation where he is stationed. When the diplomat fails in this assignment his nation's security may be in jeopardy. On the other hand, to be able to report intelligently, to analyze trends, and to help mold foreign policy the diplomat must be able —as "The Diplomats, 1919-1939" shows —to count on a political climate that understands, respects, and appreciates the diplomat's task of being the nation's first line of defense.

Pale Sustenance

By James Brown

THERE lies my dream—the snake
has shed its skin—
Discarded, broken is the armor now,
Which heretofore no slightest mark
did show
From outward strife or mutiny within.

I ran the race, surprised that I was
slow,
Until I felt my armor's useless
weight
And cast it from me—now I
hesitate,
Enlightened, burdenless, foot poised
to go;

For now it seems a foolish thing to
run
A futile race that never has an
end,
Nor a reward, nor watchers to
commend
To crown the effort when the
running's done.

Field of the Lily

"An Outline of French History," by René Sédillot *(translated by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. 372 pp. $5) offers much information and stimulating interpretation in small compass. Here it is reviewed by Professor Paul Farmer of the University of Wisconsin.*

By Paul Farmer

FRENCH intellectuals have long been devoted to an exacting exercise or sport which consists of recounting the history of France in a single volume. As works of history such books suffer somewhat from compression. But as essays on the contemporary scene presented in the guise of history they may be quite serious in purpose and worthwhile in accomplishment. In France, where every educated person has a thorough grounding in the history of his country, and where points of view towards the contemporary world always imply correlative points of view towards each of a dozen crucial issues in past centuries, a man may define a whole social and political philosophy with no more than a score of historical allusions—a phrase for the Third Republic, an epithet for Napoleon III and another for Robespierre, a paragraph for Louis XIV, and perhaps a word or two for Louis the Pious and Charlemagne.

M. René Sédillot, editor of *La Vie Française* and author of a number of studies in economic history, gives us a worthy new contribution to this literature. The American reader who turns to this book with only a meager previous knowledge of its subject will learn a good deal more from it than he has any right to expect. The reader who is already familiar with the outline of French history will appreciate the work for what it reveals of the frame of mind of a shrewd Frenchman of our time, reviewing the history of his country in the light of all that has transpired in France and the world since 1940.

A number of themes recur in the long history of France, as M. Sédillot looks at it. One is the wax and wane of population, and another is the inexorable depreciation of the currency, which the author traces from the time of Clovis to our own age. Still another is the problem of invasion, occupation, and "collaboration," which M. Sédillot sees as beginning with the "collaboration" of the Gauls with their Roman conquerors.

But the key to French history, M. Sédillot declares, is the unremitting struggle between the state and the people. The crux of this opposition has been taxation. From the reign of Hugh Capet to that of Louis XIV, the one constant problem was the dogged endeavor of the state to impose taxes, and the stubborn resistance of the taxpayers. So little had the state succeeded that the author speaks of the Old Regime as an age of limited government, in contrast to the political absolutism of the ensuing democratic age. By 1789 practically every property-owner in France enjoyed some measure of privilege, which normally meant a partial exemption from taxes.

VIEWED in this perspective, the Revolution of 1789 is not to be seen as an uprising of the people against oppression, but as another episode in the age-old struggle of the rich to escape the tax-collector. As M. Sédillot argues, it was the aristocracy which began the Revolution in order to defend its privilege of evading taxes, and the bourgeoisie took up the fight only to establish the principle that a bourgeois should enjoy the same right to dodge taxes as a nobleman. The tragic joke was that most of those who went to the guillotine during the Reign of Terror were men and women of the common people, who were too poor to pay taxes anyway. This interpretation scarcely corresponds to the classic conventions of the historiography of the Revolution. But it is a provocative argument, and far from preposterous.

The author has little interest in the course of the political upheavals that followed upon the Revolution of 1789, until at last its principles were realized in the Third and Fourth Republics. The whole period since 1815 is allotted only the last of the author's seven chapters, entitled "Sunset." For M. Sédillot is willing to admit that France may by now have became obsolete, and the Paris once known as *la Ville lumière* may now be, like the Athens of Pericles, only a splendid memory. Yet more than once before, he insists, France seemed doomed to disappear, only to rise again to new grandeur. Perhaps, he believes, she may again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caudillo's Commonwealth

"Spain in the Modern World," by James Cleugh (Alfred A. Knopf. 339 pp. $4.75), is a plea for the admission of Spain to the Western European defense effort against Communism. Gordon A. Craig, who reviews it below, is professor of history at Princeton.

By Gordon A. Craig

SPAIN is a country which is dragged these days into every discussion of the strategy of a future war and about which all sorts of inflated statements are made without anyone being able to check them. There is apparently at least one school of military thought in the United States which believes Spanish aid to be indispensable for effective defense of Western Europe; and there is an equally strong, if not stronger, body of opinion which holds that there is no better way of breaking up the Western alliance than to invite Spain to adhere to it. James Cleugh, a former British civil servant and journalist, agrees with the former group, and his new book, "Spain in the Modern World," is designed to correct what he considers to be erroneous opinions about Spain and to prove that that country would be a reliable and valuable partner in the defense against Communism.

It should be stated at the outset that Mr. Cleugh's book contains much information that will be useful and interesting to Americans who are concerned about European problems. It begins with a description of the physiography and communication system of the Spanish homeland and its possessions, a lively discussion of the regional characteristics of the Spanish people, and a section on Spanish history from Phoenician times to the age of Franco which, while marred occasionally by startling examples of oversimplification—("The Emperor Charles V had on the whole a good character. He was, of course, a fine soldier and every inch an emperor")—has the merit of being brief. The bulk of his book Mr. Cleugh devotes to an analysis of the present Spanish constitution, the organization of society, economic problems and prospects, military resources, and Spain's relations with her immediate neighbors and with both of the Americas.

In his preface the author assures his readers that he has taken "all reasonable care to ensure the accuracy of the statistics and other information given." As far as the statistics are concerned, there is no reason to doubt this statement. But if it is true, as Mr. Cleugh says in an early chapter, that "Spanish judgments are usually pretty sweeping," it should be added that some of his own are equally so and are supported neither by fact nor by logical argument. It is unnecessary to dwell on palpable exaggerations which are probably inspired by the author's affection and admiration for Spain and its people—remarks like "Jerez de la Frontera, the city of the most wonderful wine in the world," or "Few people can resist an Andalusian male. The Andalusian female is absolutely irresistible." But what is one to do with more serious statements like, "The Spanish army is today superior in general military training, though not, of course, in special technical *expertise*, to any army in Western Europe"? There is no supporting evidence for this except a note to the effect that training was intensified in the Spanish army in 1950, and that is hardly good enough.

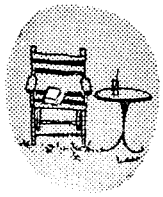
MR. CLEUGH'S defense of Franco is based on statements just as unproved or unprovable as this, and is buttressed with rather clumsy attacks on the democracies for their failure to appreciate the Caudillo at his true value. After he has laid down such dicta as the assertion that "Spanish 'liberalism' . . . always has and always will represent only a strangely mixed minority of cosmopolitan intellectuals and illiterate opportunists" and has described the Loyalists in the Civil War as a "heterogeneous collection of anarchists, Communists, socialists, radicals, separatists, and intellectual dreamers," he finds no difficulty in justifying Franco's assumption of power or the methods he has employed to keep himself there. Those aspects of the regime which are objectionable in Western eyes he admits, but excuses with a variety of curious and irritating arguments. There is no freedom of the press in Spain, he says, but, on the other hand, "under the 'free' Anglo-Saxon and French dispensations people rarely trouble to think for themselves. Under the dictatorship opinions are never ready-made in any field but that of politics, for all the other topics on which two devout Roman Catholics may differ are always kept open for discussion."

Mr. Cleugh is convinced that Franco is distrusted in the democracies "largely through the stupidity and/or self-interested malice of powerful Western statesmen or trade unions." He would change all that and welcome Spain to full membership in the Atlantic community, even going so far—if I understand his argument correctly—as to hand Gibraltar over to her because of the "electrifying effect" this gesture would have.

But the tangible benefits which would accrue from such a policy are never convincingly advanced in this book. Mr. Cleugh himself admits that, in case of war, Spanish policy "would normally be to remain neutral, watch the French frontier, and only fight if invaded." He stresses the advantages of having bases on Spanish soil but admits that the country has an inadequate road and rail net. He asserts that all this can be set right with a little money and technical improvement, but admits that such aid would have to come from abroad, since the country is "solvent, but only just." These are damaging admissions and, taken together, constitute a dubious recommendation for the admission of Spain to the European defense community.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rapier in the Wilderness



"The Best American Short Stories," edited by Martha Foley *(492 pp.) is the latest collection in the annual series founded by Edward J. O'Brien. This year it appears in a modified guise—in a clothbound edition, published by Houghton Mifflin at $4, and in a paperbound edition, published by Ballantine Books, at 50¢.*

By Milton Crane

"THE Best American Short Stories: 1953" is the eleventh annual collection edited by Martha Foley in the series initiated by Edward J. O'Brien that long ago attained the status of an institution. Literary institutions are notoriously subject to hardening of the arteries, in spite of the good will and best efforts of editors, critics, publishers, and writers. But Miss Foley has achieved a remarkable success with her eleven volumes in keeping the living flesh from hardening into marble; she has steadfastly refused to admit any restriction but that of quality, and her choices display an extraordinary catholicity of taste.

Miss Foley's foreword somewhat rashly states that "most of the stories reprinted here appeared first in literary magazines of limited circulation." The statistics seem to indicate otherwise, and are for several reasons deserving of examination. The thirty stories have been drawn from seventeen different magazines; thirteen were first published in popular commercial magazines such as *Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle,* and *McCall's* (*Harper's, The Atlantic Monthly,* and *The New Yorker* are included in this group for the sake of convenience), and the remaining seventeen were published in literary or specialized reviews such as *Accent, The Hudson Review, Furioso,* and *New World Writing.* It should not be supposed, however, that the thirteen stories are more "popular" or conventional than the seventeen; on the contrary, some of the most poetic and experimental stories in this volume first appeared in the "commercial" magazines (*Harper's* and *The New Yorker* have published some of the finest short stories to appear in the United States in the past twenty years), whereas some of the stories that are most conservative in form and technique were taken from "little" magazines.

It may be that we are entering upon a happy time for the short story, a time in which most short-story writers will find their medium no longer limited to university reviews and *avant-garde* publications. Whether or not the millennium is upon us, however, it cannot be doubted that the market for good short stories is decidedly larger today than it has been even in the recent past.

The finest short story in Miss Foley's collection—James Agee's "A Mother's Tale"—was published in *Harper's Bazaar,* and reflects great credit on the fiction editor who decided to buy it. Mr. Agee, as readers of his fine "The Morning Watch" will remember, is a writer of great imagination and sensitivity. Here he has written, in quiet but eloquent prose, a terrifying fable: a cow attempts to explain to a group of calves the meaning (as she understands it) of the annual roundup and transportation of the herd to the stockyards. The generalized narrative resolves itself into the story of a single animal, who miraculously survives the blow of the Man with the Hammer and finds his way back to the herd to tell them, with his last breath, to break Man's bondage over the beasts. But this message, which remains largely unheeded, comes only after the subtlest bovine dialecticians have pondered the significance of the uncomfortable and disquieting journey to the stockyards:

> Some of the oldest and deepest were even of a mind that all the puzzle and tribulation of the journey had been sent us as a kind of harsh trying or proving of our worthiness; and that it was entirely fitting and proper that we could earn our way through to such rewards as these, only through suffering, and through being patient under pain which was beyond our understanding; and that now at the last, to those who had borne all things well, all things were made known: for the mystery of suffering stood revealed in joy.

About a dozen of the remaining stories in the volume are excellent in their diverse ways. Robert M. Coates's "The Need" develops the theme of the universal need for human sympathy through a group of seemingly unrelated episodes, achieving a cumulative effect of overwhelming isolation and estrangement. George P. Elliott tells in "Faq'" of a lost North African community that practises mathematics and polygamy, living according to its own conception of the rule of reason under a philosopher-king. Mr. Elliott's form obliges him to state, perhaps too baldly, the conclusions that his hero draws from his sojourn in the rational paradise of Faq'.

MISS FOLEY'S foreword, mentioned above, is notably sparing of generalizations: the editor finds a new "graceful quality" in American writing, she is struck by "the large number of stories about university professors" (no surprise, when the universities have become by default the chief patrons of our writers), and she finds a welcome change in the fictional treatment of Negroes and their problems. It is not easy to say whether the American short story has gained in gracefulness in recent years, but it has beyond question gained in artistry. The short story is our peculiar contribution to literature at the present time; it may be that the widening of scope and the greater sophistication in the handling of materials that Miss Foley observes are evidence of genuine artistic growth.

What impresses itself on the reader of the present collection is the fact that so many of the stories deal extensively in physical action and even in violence. Whether this is especially true of American short stories in 1952 or whether it is a reflection of the editor's taste remains uncertain and probably unknowable. An excellent story such as Roger Shattuck's "Workout on the River," which handles ideas explicitly on the theoretical plane and symbolically on the physical plane, is less typical of this volume than Roberts Jackson's "Fly Away Home" or Clay Putman's "Our Vegetable Love," both creditable stories in which violence plays a dominant part. The notion that action must necessarily be expressed primarily in physical terms tends to lead either to the lumpishness of crude naturalism or to the equally deplorable obscurity of uncontrolled symbolism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adolescence in Venice

"The Flower of May," by Kate O'Brien *(Harper. 342 pp. $3.75) records the spiritual coming of age of a sensitive young Irish girl.*

By Ann F. Wolfe

ONE need not have read her notable little study of Teresa of Avila to recognize in "The Flower of May" Kate O'Brien's Teresan approach to life. It is a mystical approach, the natural approach for an Irish writer, and it defines the spirituality not only of Miss O'Brien's novels and plays, but of her travel books as well. But where Irish mysticism is an otherworldly thing, loose-gauged to the reaches of eternity, its Spanish counterpart is practical and disciplined. The Avilan kept an eye on the clock of time.

In another respect, too, Miss O'Brien stands apart from her writing compatriots. Her concern, in the main, is neither with the gentry of the Big Houses, celebrated all the way from Maria Edgeworth to James Reynolds, nor the humble folk of thatched cottage and smoky cabin, dear to storytellers from Jane Barlow to Padraic Colum and Bryan MacMahon.

Instead, Miss O'Brien's joy is the middle-class dynasty and the comfortable home built on solid mercantile prosperity. In the intimate atmosphere of complex family affection her characters seek the meaning of life and, after working out in their various ways the problem of well-dressed, gently-mannered sin, find that meaning or miss it.

Two families, Catholic both, figure in "The Flower of May," the Morrows of Dublin and the De Mellins of Belgium. Fanny Morrow and Lucille de Mellin had become friends while convent-school students in Brussels. Fanny's spiritual coming of age is the theme of this exquisite parable of family relationships.

In 1907, obliged to leave school in order that her sister might have a lavish wedding, eighteen-year-old Fanny wrested permission from her family to visit Lucille and accompany the De Mellins on a de luxe tour of Italy. The Continental holiday was cut short by the fatal illness of Fanny's mother. The motherless girl almost immediately took it on herself to break up the liaison between her newly-married sister and Lucille's hedonistic brother.

Since Miss O'Brien is primarily a novelist of the interior life, she uses the De Mellin opulence and the magnificence of Venice to force the hothouse growth of Fanny's soul. The beauty that thus sprang into flower drew enduring strength from the trials that beset the girl both in the beloved Dublin house and her mother's ancestral home on the lovely wild coast of Clare. Even so, as connoisseur of the human spirit, the author has flanked the young growth with those pillars of moral firmness, gallant Aunt Eleanor and, more particularly, the redoubtable Mère Générale.

Miss O'Brien was never better, either as storyteller or fond searcher of the heart's recesses. She brings her subtle touch to the dawn of first love, the fulness of the religious vocation and, incomparably, married love. She would not be Irish, of course, if she did not savor each fresh delight as if in memory and sense in it the hidden sorrow. But what other writer, even among the Irish, could make poetry out of what tippling Cousin Bill calls "bourgeois society"?

Something Fishy

Marguerite Steen's "Anna Fitzalan" *(Doubleday. 317 pp. $3.75) is a popular British novelist's treatment of a difficult theme—society's reaction to a union not blessed by the Church and kept secret for four decades.*

By Harrison Smith

IF Marguerite Steen, author of nearly thirty books, is not one of the best writers in the British Isles, she is certainly one of the most industrious and successful. "Matador," the first of her Spanish trilogy and "The Sun Is My Undoing," the first of her three novels about the African slave trade, brought her a vast number of readers in this country who later, as the sequels came out, may have agreed with her critics that she should have left well enough alone.

Miss Steen needed a new theme, and she has found it in "Anna Fitzalan," the story of two lovers who for forty years kept secret a union that had not been blessed by the Church. Anna, an aristocrat in the true meaning of that vanishing word, had been the wife of a pompous and caste-ridden bore. Shortly before his death she had taken Evan Crew, a brilliant and forceful young man, as her lover; and when her husband died she adopted his name and went to live with him. Common-law marriages were tolerated in England, though the old county families, the impoverished nobility, and Court circles looked upon it as a disgrace. In the course of time it was forgotten that there was something slightly improper about the union of Evan, the wealthy industrialist, and his beautiful and aristocratic wife. No one knew, including Anna's children, that he had married a woman he had met as a youth in a dying settlement in South Africa, had brought her to England, and since he could not divorce her had kept her hidden in an insane asylum for the rest of her long life.

Evan was by no means a saint; before he fell in love with Anna he had accumulated and abandoned a score of mistresses. Anna never knew until the end that she had lived, not with the perfect lover, but the perfect wolf; or that when her granddaughter was still almost a child he had tried to make love to her and had never given up his passion for her. Evan was a masterful man.

It is a difficult and fascinating situation for any novelist to contemplate. There must be no doubt in the reader's mind that Anna and Evan loved

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each other deeply though she was all woman, and he was the dominating and sex-proud male. Without exceeding the boundaries of good taste Miss Steen leaves no doubt of the honesty of their passion.

THROUGH the Depression years the couple lived luxuriously in Evan's London house and Anna's magnificent country place. Miss Steen devotes many pages to the kind of life that was rapidly vanishing from England, trips abroad, expensive clothes, large motor cars, elaborate dinners, faithful if aging retainers. In this sense "Anna Fitzalan" is a nostalgic novel, cataloguing the startling changes of manners and customs over two generations, the defiantly wild gin-drinking set of England's jazz age, the sober but sexually casual youngsters of the Second World War and its aftermath. It is apparent in this social history of upper-class England that there remained a large class of farmers and villagers, servants and country squires, as well as titled families who were relentlessly old-fashioned. When Anna's perfect and false world disappears forever she has to face the sullen disapproval and fear of her neighbors and servants. She had kept her secret, but in doing so had betrayed everyone who trusted her. It left her an old woman loved only by her granddaughter and her stout brother, General Fitzalan.

In spite of its unnecessary verbiage and its insistence on the trivialities of luxury and elegance, Miss Steen's novel has the same curious fascination that lengthy novels of Victorian aristocratic life provide for their devotees. But there a slight doubt may linger in the reader's mind. Would it have been possible for Anna, a gentle, percipient, and loving woman, to have lived for forty years with so ruthless a man without discovering her own weakness and his essential brutality?

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TIMBERRRRR!

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, submits twenty-five titles all having to do with trees (though not necessarily containing the word trees). She has scrambled twenty-five authors alongside and asks you to integrate an adequate correlation. Eighteen correct answers will be qualifying, nineteen satisfying, and twenty or better the equivalent of a doctorate in dendrology. Answers on page 38.

1. The Groves of Academe	( )	William Faulkner
2. The Tree of Liberty	( )	Ernest Hemingway
3. The Forest Lovers	( )	Nathaniel Hawthorne
4. Green Mansions	( )	Truman Capote
5. Within a Budding Grove	( )	Daphne Rooke
6. The Flowering Judas	( )	Margery Sharp
7. The Dark Forest	( )	Lillian Hellman
8. Across the River and Into the Trees	( )	Robert Sherwood
9. Under the Greenwood Tree	( )	Anton Chekhov
10. A Tree Grows in Brooklyn	( )	Rudyard Kipling
11. Grove of Fever Trees	( )	Louis Bromfield
12. Under the Deodars	( )	Mary McCarthy
13. Trees	( )	Maurice Hewlett
14. Another Part of the Forest	( )	Hugh Walpole
15. The Green Bay Tree	( )	Betty Smith
16. The Jacaranda Tree	( )	Faith Baldwin
17. The Cherry Orchard	( )	Florence Barclay
18. The Juniper Tree	( )	Nigel Balchin
19. Tanglewood Tales	( )	Katherine Anne Porter
20. The Upas Tree	( )	Marcel Proust
21. Tree of Night	( )	W. H. Hudson
22. The Nutmeg Tree	( )	Thomas Hardy
23. A Way Through the Woods	( )	Conrad Richter
24. The Petrified Forest	( )	Elizabeth Page
25. The Wild Palms	( )	H. E. Bates

Fiction Notes

ENGINE KNOCK: Are we coming into a cycle (no pun intended) of auto racing books? There was Hans Ruesch's "The Racer" a few months ago and at just about the same time something came over from England called "Cockpit," by Warwick Scott, which mixed a spot or two of racing with hectic romance, drug addiction, and a style of writing reminiscent of British whodunit artist James Hadley Chase on an off day. Now along comes **"The Streak,"** by Paul Darcy Boles (Macmillan, $3), latest and most disappointing entry in the literary road race.

"The Racer" was a fine, exciting action novel with flashes of insight which seemed to catch the dusty, oil-smelling intensity of bigtime auto racing. "Cockpit" was a puerile thriller, usually spurious where it should have been authentic, still no worse than most time-killers. "The Streak" is nothing.

To write well about a sport, about any specialized phase of life is a rare accomplishment. It requires, first of all, the gift of getting within people and of creating character, which should belong to any novelist. It requires, with this, an understanding of the sport or other phase of life involved, often an infatuation with it, certainly a deep devotion. And finally, it requires that the two be blended to make real to the reader both the characters and the thrill they feel in their work or play; to make this real to the reader however slight his original knowledge of or interest in the subject. Mr. Boles scores at best only one out of three on this minimum check list.

He knows cars and auto racing, that much is clear. But his people, God help us, are the most unconvincing puppets to come down the pike in a long time. His scene is Italy, his characters mostly Italian racers and their friends, and he comes his first cropper in the matter of making them even remotely convincing. They speak and think neither as Italians nor as human beings of any kind. He gives their dialogue a ponderous slanginess that is roughly American in derivation but nothing in spirit, and evokes their nationality (for there is such a thing) with awkward references to "Old Musso" and cliché allusions to Italian family life. Nobody comes to life.

The story is slight: Boy wins race, becomes Maestro, gets girl, loses race and life, but the elements of interest and action and excitement could have been there. A pity they weren't. "The

(*Continued on page* 33)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Build a Best Seller

THURSDAY, August 20, 1953 was K-Day throughout the United States. In Moscow, Georgi Malenkov announced that the USSR had successfully carried out a hydrogen-type explosion; in Teheran, the Shah's followers staged a counter-revolution against Old Mossy the Weeper; in France, not a train or letter or factory wheel moved in the most crippling strike since the Thirties; in New York, Adlai Stevenson arrived from his trip around the world. But if you looked at any newsstand, listened to any news broadcast, or overheard any conversations, you were only dimly aware of any of those events. The covers of most of the new magazines, the front pages of almost all the newspapers blazoned just one fact: Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey of Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research had just released the data he and his associates had amassed for "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female." (One exception: *The New York Times* relegated its account to page 15.)

Book publishers and booksellers, trying to recall when a book had created such an advance furore, finally gave up and declared that nothing like it had ever happened before. It took a Hoosier college professor, an internationally known authority on gall wasps, to teach the flacks of Madison Avenue and the drum-beaters of Hollywood a few things about their own trade. For the edification of the public-relations fraternity and the information of its own readers *SR* has compiled the following case history of Operation Kinsey.

Dr. Kinsey and his colleagues, it seems, learned a few things themselves from their experience with their first book, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." In January 1948 the venerable and respected Philadelphia medical and scientific publishing house of W. B. Saunders published the "Male" with nary a murmur of advance publicity and the fond hope that it would sooner or later sell a printing of 5,000 copies at $6.50 each. As of last week, "Male" had sold 250,000 copies in the United States and Canada, not to mention the thousands in half a dozen translations. Kinsey had become a household word, the ingredient of 7,987,987,654 jokes, a synonym for s-e-x. At least four publishers, popeyed at the rate at which "Male" was snapped off bookstore tables, jumped aboard the bandwagon with quickie digests.

The Kinsey staff took a dim view of such popularizations. They were anxious that their findings reach as big a public as possible, but were worried by some of the "distortions" of the popularizers. Besides, they were anxious that royalties flow into the Institute, not to popularizers. (Dr. Kinsey and his staff have not profited personally from the book's sales. The Institute's backers are Indiana University and the Rockefeller Foundation.) This might possibly explain the fact that, whereas the "Male" was crammed with statistics and spare scientific terminology, "Female" is—as A.P.'s Alton L. Blakeslee puts it—"more readable."

Dr. Kinsey therefore personally assumed command of all the pre-publication publicity. In the late spring he invited leading newspapers and magazines to assign writers to a series of briefings at the Institute at Bloomington, Indiana. In all, about fifty writers for mass media attended, men and women described by Max Lerner in the *New York Post* as "science reporters or medical writers, some had been military writers or war reporters, one or two had Washington experience, a number had spent their time writing for the women's magazines on the great trinity of love, marriage, and morals, and had learned the pattern of the slick-paper family magazines in seeming to confront the facts of life yet skirting their edges in genteel fashion." Before anyone was allowed to leaf through a set of "Female" proofs he had to sign a three-page legal contract that bound him to keep his mouth shut and his typewriter silent until K-Day. Naturally the writers and their editors were delighted to learn that for K-Day Dr. Kinsey had chosen Thursday, August 20, the day such mass circulation weeklies as *Time*, *Life*, and *Newsweek* and such monthlies as *McCall's* and *Woman's Home Companion* hit the stands.

ONE of the curious features of Operation Kinsey that puzzles most public-relations men is the fact that the book itself will not be ready for the bookstores until September 14, twenty-five days after K-Day. Apparently the long wait is not going to hurt sales. By August 21, Saunders had already sold 170,000 of its first printing of 250,000; over the following weekend orders came in for another 30,000 at $8 per.

Twenty leading booksellers from coast to coast, questioned by *SR*, reported they are frankly impressed by the "unprecedented skill" of the build-up and delighted at the deluge of advance orders. They are mollified but still not overjoyed about the more liberal discount policy Saunders is allowing on the new book.

Operation Kinsey includes a new wrinkle as far as book-reviewing is concerned. Time-honored practice is for the publisher to send a galley or copy of a book to magazines and newspapers a month or so before publication. Photographs of authors are supplied free. As this issue of *SR* goes to press, neither proofs nor copies of "Female" have been received by reviewing media. Photographs of Dr. Kinsey and his staff, however, are plentiful; they are being distributed by a New York press agent of the Institute at $25 a picture.

As soon as *SR* receives its copy of "Female," we will forward it to a man who, because of his training and experience, is recognized as thoroughly qualified to appraise the work and its implications. When he has had time to read and ponder it *SR* will publish his review. Until then, however, we'll be out trying to scare up $25 to buy a photograph.

—GEORGE EMERSON.

—SR *drawing by Hal McIntosh.*

Alfred C. Kinsey—"a household word."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1953, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

An Unrealized Asset

THE modern age has, all experience to the contrary, brought the mountain to Mahomet. For television and the movie have projected into the lives of millions places, peoples, ceremonies which in the past could be known only by report to all but the favored few who were able to travel. The magnificent Coronation pictures—a fairy-story come to reality, history displayed in its continuity—are the latest manifestation of what the new techniques have made possible, but they are merely the culmination of a development which has been under way for the past several decades.

It is now many years that the screen has been presenting with varying degrees of excellence the background and ways of life in foreign lands and the geographical as well as human aspects of remote parts of the world. What that has meant in the enrichment of knowledge and the expansion of the horizons of an enormous public is intangible, of course, but it is presumably far-reaching. Indeed, the One World which politics seems unable to realize the screen achieves at least in part by bringing together all the ends of the earth—and by so doing adds a brick to the foundations on which ultimate world peace must rest. For knowledge is the beginning of tolerance, and tolerance is the beginning of understanding. When men see others as they see themselves they are less likely to harbor animosity and more apt to extend the hand of friendship. The history of the United States bears ample evidence of the fact that the foreign and the strange are often suspect. In the course of the vast immigration which built up the nation again and again the new arrival, who was "queer" in his dress, odd in his manners, foreign in his speech, found himself and his group looked upon with distrust or hostility. His children, who had melted into the American amalgam, no matter how loyal they might be to their background and traditions, no longer had to contend against the charge of being "different" and, though they might be relegated by more entrenched elements of the community to special national categories against which these older Americans harbored prejudice, still they were no longer looked upon with incomprehension even if sometimes with dislike.

Everyone who has traveled in foreign parts must at some time or other have been brought up short by the consciousness of his own provincialism, by realization of the fact that he was measuring peoples and customs encountered for the first time by the yardstick of his own land and countrymen. His is the same attitude of mind, less crudely felt, as that expressed by the many G.I.'s who pronounced the peoples of France and Germany "dumb" and their nations backward because they knew no English and because their civilization was encrusted with hangovers from a long past, or of the traveler who finds England impossibly drab instead of magnificent in the shabbiness and straitness of postwar days. It is an attitude which, knowing little, rejects much and fails to recognize the fundamental likeness of all human kind. It is sprung of ignorance and fostered in indifference and is very often the misfortune not the fault of the individual. For to a great part of society formal education is of necessity confined to the years before the struggle to make a living begins, reading is a habit unformed, and travel a luxury beyond their dreams. As a result what lies beyond immediate experience is a matter of hearsay and supposition.

The further America grows away from the lands of its origin the less it understands of the background of thought and action of the nations from which it sprang. The first-generation German or Italian or Irishman was still a member of two worlds—his descendants are not. So that, while in one sense the world has been growing together in the inevitable and immediate impact of action taken by any one of its parts on every other, in another, for the American, it has become less closely knit. It is for this reason that any instrumentality that familiarizes the peoples of our land with the ways of others becomes of enormous importance. Anything that minimizes strangeness, that makes plain the common passions, the common desires, the common dreams that animate men and women the world over makes for their union. There is no appeal so direct as the visual, no language so universal as the picture. What the screen has done so far is but an earnest of what it can do. It is still an only slightly realized asset in education, where from the kindergarten to the college it can be an invaluable adjunct to teaching. In the world outside the schoolroom it is for the most part as yet only incidentally directed toward the fostering of international understanding. But its potential is immense. Like the book, the newspaper, the radio, it can influence the destiny of the world. Wisdom can develop it to that end. —A. L.

Bible Lesson

(*On Acquiring an Electric Blanket*)

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

OPEN your Bibles, friends profane and pious,
Far from the page that tells of Ananias,
At Chapter I of the First Book of Kings.
Read verses 1 to 4, touching on things
Wherein King David, cold and stricken in years,
Surprisingly, appealing, appears.
Then you will see why, shivering at night,
Condemned to share the chilly Psalmist's plight,
I sought the boon of electricity
And spread a heated blanket over me.
Note well besides why, blazoned on my flag,
Shines only the dear name of Abishag!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL CREDO EXPANDED

ANY RIGHT-THINKING PERSON must respect and admire Dr. Schweitzer, and even have a feeling of affection for him. When he asks us to lead kindly and good lives, because it will make us happier and save us from ruin, we would like to agree with him, if only because his own life and personality are such forceful and persuasive arguments [*SR* June 13].

I find, however, that his ethics are not nearly so convincing, and I myself cannot accept them honestly without reservations. . . .

Eventually Dr. Schweitzer may propound a way of looking at ourselves and the world that will be more than a personal credo. When he does so, he will, no doubt, recall that a philosophy or a religion does *not* need a basis in fact or commonsense or knowledge that can be proved rationally. But, he will also recall that all such religions and philosophies are remarkably spotted with defections and delinquencies among their followers, and their members are far from united in their spiritual support. The intentions of these philosophies and religions may be impeccable, but they cannot gain the agreement of most people.

Their faults are two. First, they are based on personal revelation or intuition, which is impossible for most of us to duplicate, or understand, or appreciate, or apply, or often to aspire to. Second, they do not successfully resolve the problem of the ambivalence of God, or Nature—the savagery and the gentleness, the cruelty and the kindness, the self-interest and the nobility.

These are fundamental problems, and until they are explained away satisfactorily I see no hopes of Dr. Schweitzer's ethics gaining much ground.

DAVID MINSBERG.

Manila, P. I.

WEARY WYLIE

I WOULD LIKE to say that Philip Wylie's letter [*SR* July 18] regarding Schweitzer's recent article is the most bitter, meanest, and most self-denuding bit of exhibitionism I have seen, to my memory. He writes, "I am a little weary of all self-appointed saints who come to wear hair shirts." To say of himself that he is a "little" weary appears, from his letter, a gross understatement.

THOMAS D. PETERSON.

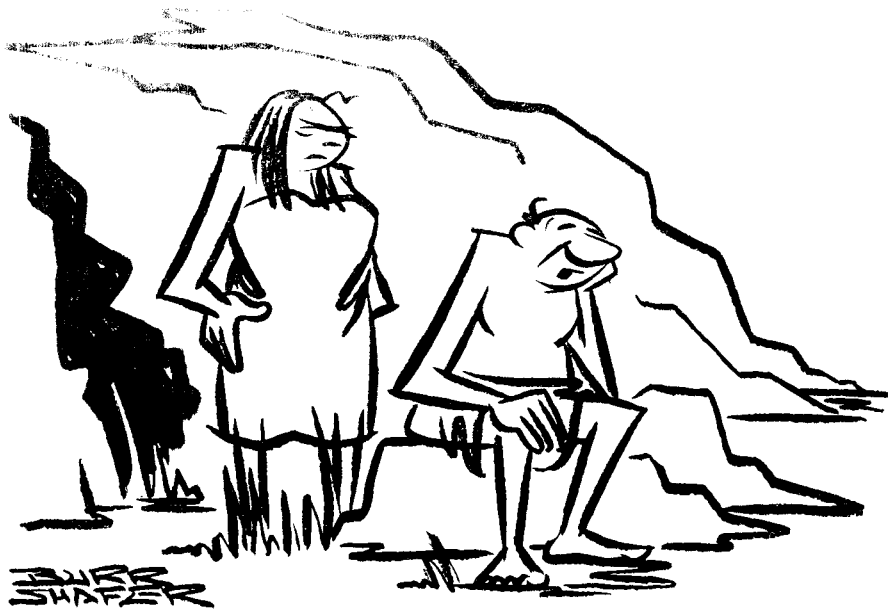
Pennington, N. J.

HOUSE A-TUMBLING

. . . LONG BEFORE Philip Wylie had discovered his customers were vipers Albert Schweitzer had turned his back on a brilliant musical career to help his fellow men with a courage and sincerity before which any honest man must be humbled. Mr. Wylie, how can you stand the noise of the crashing of that glass house which is tumbling around you?

LEONARD WIBBERLY.

Hermosa Beach, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I happen to be thinking—whatever that is."

BRIDGE GAP

. . . MR. WYLIE would do well to bridge the gap of over a century and become acquainted with today's work in the scientific methods as they apply to man as a social being. He might learn to be less impetuous and cocksure.

EDNA HOMA MILLER.

Chicago, Ill.

UNDESERVING PUBLICATION

. . . CERTAINLY CRITICISM is the very lifeblood of truth; but to serve its proper function it must be meaningful, responsible, and constructive. Such nonsense as Philip Wylie's letter does not merit publication, but rather belongs at the gatherings of those with nothing positive to contribute.

JOHN S. GRIFFIN, JR.

New Orleans, La.

WEARY

. . . I AM WEARY of all self-appointed messiahs, prophets and Doom Seers, who wear polo shirts under the egis of big royalties and hoodwink the younger public. Weary of Wylies whose ravings fall into the hands of innocent garage mechanics and manicurists who, seeing their uninformed prejudices put forth grammatically, sigh ecstatically that that's what they've believed all along and how wonderful it is that somebody really smart is in the philosophy dodge now. Weary of those who are intolerant of weakness and spitefully envious of strength.

Ethics that eschew the possibility of eternal verities and select cheap idealism instead of reality as their goal have failed already and, as Mr. Wylie puts it, for the ten thousand human years we know of. To be contemporary we must get all yammering bargain-basement cynics off our backs, even the sincere ones.

CHARLES BEAUMONT.

N. Hollywood, Calif.

INSULT

. . . MR. WYLIE has attempted to insult one of the greatest of living men . . .

MRS. ROBERT E. FULTON, JR.

Newtown, Connecticut.

ANY TAKERS?

TO THE ARGUMENT between Bennett Cerf and Theodore Pratt about paperbacked books [*SR* LETTERS Aug. 15] a customer can offer only this one contribution: Mr. Pratt says he has a paperback coming out which contains no sex and no violence. I will bet him ten cents that its cover will be adorned with a picture of a naked woman; and another five cents that somebody will be shooting, stabbing, or slugging her.

The paperback publishers have come out pretty well in their battles with various chiefs of police; but God help them if the Federal Trade Commission ever gets after them for misbranding.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Knowing the Form

LONDON.

WHEN an Englishman comes up against a new situation the first question he will ask is "What is the form?" For through the years he has learned that once one "knows the form," and accepts it without question, one can proceed with security to get the most enjoyment out of any situation. Thus, the theatregoer here, while he seldom gets as worked up over any one performance as we do in America, can give himself much more easily to trivial and patently contrived theatre fare than can we.

This is most evident in British musical comedies and revues. At the bottom of the scale Londoners go mad about the occasionally funny but more often silly antics of Jimmy Edwards in "London Laughs." And no one criticizes the ridiculous first-act finale in which an Indian princess is dumped into a full-scale roaring waterfall.

Moving up a notch to the more sophisticated "High Spirits," one finds the artists with surprising freedom to pursue clever nonsense for its own sake. "To give the thing a fillip, we've asked the King of Spain," says one of the girls, and another who has been posing for a sculptor of Greek statues dares to pun, "This cold I have is owed to a Grecian urn." However, there are some excellent numbers in "High Spirits" which could be salvaged for a future American revue: Cyril Ritchard in his travesty of a 1918 musical comedy, or Diana Churchill (who reminds one poignantly of Gertrude Lawrence) singing the pathetic and ironically humorous, "There was something about Mr. Henderson," or the American Marie Bryant singing a bitter song of resentment against racial discrimination, "Don't Malign Malan."

Switching over to musical comedy, the British predisposition to like things within a familiar form has led them to applaud Anna Neagle in "The Glorious Days." Called by one London wit "The Neagle Has Four Heads," it is an expanded cavalcade of British history from 1660 to 1944 in which Miss Neagle appears as Nell Gwyn, Queen Victoria, a music-hall star of the Twenties, and the star's daughter, an actress in the service. Here nostalgia is trumps and the performers sing everything from "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" to "Keep the Homes Fires Burning."

Another success is "Love from Judy," a relaxed old-fashioned musical about a girl who goes from an orphan asylum in New Orleans to marry a wealthy Southern aristocrat. Since the story is American, the British producer has also used two other American talents. Hugh Martin, who wrote the songs for "Meet Me in St. Louis," has composed a score with a catchy title song. And Adelaide Hall, who is second only to Ethel Waters for that kind of singing, is wasted with mediocre material. It's about time some American producer brought her back to New York in a show worthy of the creator of "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," "I Must Have That Man," "Baby," and "Ill Wind." Jean Carson, who plays Judy, is appealing, but the universally accepted artificiality of "Love from Judy" leads her into frequent raucous plugging of lines.

This kind of plugging, which breaks the illusion of reality, is also found to a lesser degree in the London production of "Paint Your Wagon." But since this musical is stronger in stage invention than in plot it is almost better done this way. The public can settle back and enjoy each wonderful presentation scene by scene. Seldom has there been a musical with so many tunes that keep coming back to you.

IF "Paint Your Wagon" has benefited by "knowing the form," "The Moon Is Blue" has suffered in its English production. Gone is much of the sincerity that made this play more penetrating than its farce dialogue and absurd plot. Instead, that talented American actress Diana Lynn and her partner, the handsome and entirely human Biff McGuire, have followed the example of British actor Robert Flemyng and slipped into a more choppy gag-by-gag performance. This delights London theatregoers no end, but is not the best kind of experience for Miss Lynn, who is trying to make up for time lost in Hollywood to equip herself for a bright stage career.

Two other plays recently opened in London are excellent examples of the advantages and disadvantages of having a strong stage convention. "Carrington, V. C." is a play about a British major tried by a court-martial for fraudulently helping himself to Army funds on the pretext that the Finance Officer had been unconscionably slow in coming through with back pay owed him. The story, which finds the major gallantly tearing up a letter which would have established his innocence of fraud and would have served his vindictive wife right, does not bear close analysis. However, its authors, Dorothy and Campbell Christie, have been wonderfully accurate in their drawing of British Army types, and they have been remarkably adroit at mixing suspense and comic relief.

"Anastasia," which Sir Laurence Olivier wisely booked into his theatre after its recent success on BBC television, is also a satisfying play if one doesn't search for deeper significance to a tale than mere suspense and the occasional welling up of warmly felt emotion. Mary Kerridge is particularly fine in the scenes before she assumes the splendor of the resurrected heir to the Russian throne, and the eighty-two-year-old Helen Haye amazes everyone with the strength and keenness she puts into her role of the exiled Czar-mother who refuses to believe that Anastasia is not an impostress.

As a final note, no male American should visit London without attending the show at The Windmill. The decolleté is abundant, and on occasion The Windmill outdoes anything in Paris or Jersey City by presenting a completely nude mannequin. There are, indeed, advantages to the British penchant for "knowing the form."

—HENRY HEWES.

The Survivor

By Sara Henderson Hay

". . . nine months after the eruption of Krakatoa the naturalist Cotteau was able to report: 'I . . . discovered one microscopic spider. . . .'"

—From "The Sea Around Us," by Rachel Carson.

I AM a small spider, spinning;
Ravelling out of myself the threads I send
To lie, lighter than air, on the light air.
I have been man's companion since the beginning—
I was never his friend.
But where he built his roofs, I built; and where
His roofs were, I shall be.
Whoever comes at last, curiously
Peering and poking
Among the feathery ashes and the smoking
Rubble and black shale of his planet's end,
Shall find me there.

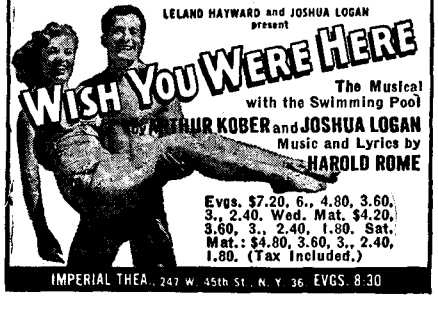
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

GREGORY PECK
and
AUDREY HEPBURN
in WILLIAM WYLER'S
production of
"ROMAN HOLIDAY"
with
EDDIE ALBERT
Produced by WILLIAM WYLER
Screenplay by
IAN McLELLAN HUNTER
and JOHN DIGHTON
Story by
IAN McLELLAN HUNTER
A Paramount Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"CONFETTI"
Gala new revue produced by Russell Markert . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

IT'S WORTH A TRIP to NEW YORK
to see "THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL."—WALTER WINCHELL



Evgs. $7.20, 6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40. Wed. Mat. $4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Mat.: $4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. (Tax Included.)
IMPERIAL THEA., 247 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36. EVGS. 8:30

Film Programs Puzzling?

Complete New index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in *SR's* "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.

Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to

FILMS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street,
New York 36, N. Y.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

THE BOAT. By Walter Gibson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2. A brief retelling of the author's incredible experiences after the torpedoing of his ship off Malaya in the last war. He, a Chinese girl, and two Jap soldiers were the only survivors after four weeks in a 28-man lifeboat, into which 135 people had been crowded when the ship went down.

THE DARK ISLAND. By Henry Treece, New York: Random House. $3. An historical novel, dealing with England during the First Century A.D., when the Romans were overruning the country. The author is an English poet.

FIGHTING INDIAN WARRIORS. By E. A. Brininstool. Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Co. $5. An account, much of it based on survivors' reminiscences and contemporary records, of the Indian-white warfare in this country in the last century.

THE GREAT PEACE. By Raja Hutheesing. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A report by a member of a recent Indian cultural delegation to Communist China, with observations on the agricultural, political, and economic rings that Mao's men are trying to push the weary Chinese through.

THE JEALOUS MISTRESS. By Paul Elbogen. New York: Random House. $3.50. A big, trumpeting novel about a titan-type painter named Jan Dram, who devours three wives, spends a year on cocaine, and lives to see his lifework burned to ashes in a fire.

THE KNOTTED CORD. By Jerzy Pietrkiewicz. New York: Roy Publishers. $2.75. A sensitive boy's growing up in a remote Polish village, colored by a heritage of religious faith, superstition, and sorcery.

LOSER'S CHOICE. By Ruthven Todd. New York: Hermitage House. $3. An allegory about a totalitarian state and some of its higher-ups during time of war.

MAIL FOR THE WORLD. By Laurin Zilliacus. New York: The John Day Co. $3. A brief history of the origins of the world's postal services.

NORTH. By Kaare Rodahl. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A civilian-scientist's account of the recent Project Icicle, undertaken by the U. S. Government in Arctic areas for exploratory and military purposes.

SHAKESPEARE: His World and His Work. By M. M. Reese. New York: St. Martin's Press. $6.75. A biography of Shakespeare, with attention given his work and times.

TOWARD A DEMOCRATIC WORK PROGRESS. By Fred H. Blum. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A book, based on extensive research carried out at the Hormel plant in Minnesota, about the problems of wage levels, unions, executives, employer-employee relationships, and democratic work methods.

THE TUDOR ROSE. By Margaret Campbell Barnes. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Co. $3.50. A fictionalized biography of Elizabeth, the Plantagenet who married King Henry Tudor at the dawn of England's most flamboyant period.

THE VINTAGE. By Ursala Keir. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. Fictional doings, involving jealousy and murder, which take place during the harvesting of the grapes at Espagne, a vineyard in Saint Michel.

WHO KILLED KENYA? By Colin Wills. New York: Roy Publishers. $3. A survey in general terms, of the sociological ferment that is rumbling through Africa today. —W. B.

"OKLAHOMA!" AT POPULAR PRICES!
Limited Engagement Ends Oct. 3rd
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
OKLAHOMA!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
MATINEES: $1.20, 1.50, 1.80, 2.40
EVENINGS: $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00
Evenings, Mon. thru Sat., 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
Please enclose stamped, self-add. envelope
Air-Cond. N. Y. CITY CENTER, 131 W. 55

R & H

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
New Musical Comedy
Me AND Juliet
with ISABEL BIGLEY, BILL HAYES, JOAN McCRACKEN, RAY WALSTON, MARK DAWSON, JACKIE KELK
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEATRE, W. 44 St.
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.

YUL BRYNNER
in
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
The King and I
A Musical Play
with CONSTANCE CARPENTER
TERRY SAUNDERS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 St.
Eves.: $7.20, 6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.

NEW POPULAR PRICES!
MARTHA WRIGHT GEORGE BRITTON
In The Pulitzer Prize Musical Play
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK • WILLIAM TABBERT • MARTIN WOLFSON
and MUSA WILLIAMS
Air-Cond. BROADWAY THEA., B'way & 53 St.
Mon. thru Fri. Eves.: $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Eve.: $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80. Wed. Mats.: $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Sat. Mats.: $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20, Tax Incl.

"GAY and INVENTIVE."
—Gibbs, The New Yorker
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY!"
—Atkinson, N. Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
VANESSA BROWN
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.80 to 1.20. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $6 to 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.60 to 1.20. (Tax Incl.).
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th Street, Air Cond.

BUY U. S.
SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Royal Romance

—*From "Roman Holiday."*

Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn—"pure and simple realism."

WILLIAM WYLER, a director of eminent stature in Hollywood, has devoted himself during the past fifteen years or so to making movies of a rather gloomy nature. From "Wuthering Heights" to "Carrie" he has shown himself to be unduly fond of scenes in somber rooms wherein unhappy lovers engage in anguished talk and futile embraces. Now and then a lighter touch emerged, as in "The Best Years of Our Lives," but for the most part Wyler has stayed solemn and serious, along the way winning an incredible number of Academy Awards and nominations. His new movie, **"Roman Holiday"** (Paramount), is to be considered a distinct departure from the norm, for it is an out-and-out comedy, a very good one, that only in the last few minutes reverts to his accustomed poignance. By adding a bitter ending to a lighthearted love story he unhesitatingly breaks what I had thought was a hard-and-fast Hollywood rule; that comedies of the lighter sort must end with the boy and the girl hard and permanently in each other's arms.

By the end of "Roman Holiday" the two principals haven't a dog's chance of getting together again. Since the movie involves a princess from an unnamed country and an American journalist in Rome, one can see that what Wyler is after with this switch is pure and simple realism and not the Wyler touch of gloom. The lump in the throat becomes, then, an extra dividend.

Another surprise lay in the fact that the entire production was done in Rome. Wyler has the reputation of preferring to work within the confines of a studio; if necessary he'll have a whole city block constructed, and damn the expense. This time he has wandered through the city of Rome, picked out the handsomest or most colorful of locations, waited for the most appropriate of lighting conditions, and has brought the city in on film as it has never been done before.

If a scene takes place in a palazzo it is no less than the Palazzo Brancaccio (a famed eighteenth-century landmark) that he moves into. In his search for authenticity Wyler even employed some real specimens of European nobility for bit parts. Thus we are given glimpses of the Princess Flaminia Torlonia, the Duchess Elena Caffarelli, and the Baroness Bianca Berlingeri, all reputed to be some of Rome's fanciest citizens. If nothing else, they provide the movie with "production values" of the first water.

I suppose "Roman Holiday" is little more, basically, than the familiar fable of the lonely princess who yearns to mingle with the commoners and see for herself what life is really like. But when Audrey Hepburn does kick over the traces it is in ladylike and magnificently funny style. She has been given a calming drug to get her over a fit of hysteria, brought on by the dreary round of official duties, and at first she merely wanders around getting sleepier and sleepier. No one less than Gregory Peck picks her up, puts her to bed in his apartment, and then—after getting a line on her identity—proceeds to show her around Rome for a day, with the notion that his generosity will repay him with a scoop for his newspaper. Probably the funniest moments occur when Eddie Albert, an expatriate photographer, follows her around snapping her with everything from a phony cigarette lighter to a Speed Graphic. He handles himself as though he'd never done anything in his life except take candid shots of celebrities. Every now and then, just as he's about to say the wrong thing, Peck manages to spill a glass of wine over him. It's just short of slapstick, but Albert runs the gag into pure hilarity.

This is not to say that Miss Hepburn does not hold her own. She is a piquant find, and the pretty young lady knows how to act. I don't know exactly how tough it is to behave like a princess, but she behaves like one all right. Gregory Peck is less unbending than either of the other two, but he is smooth and competent enough to get by. Wyler evidently searched out native actors for the smaller roles with great care, for each one—including a taxi driver with his own brand of English, and a hairdresser who shaves his mustache in honor of the Princess's shedding of her long hair—provides a gem of comic acting.

* * *

The princess and the commoner theme is also explored in Walt Disney's new "live-action" movie, **"The Sword and the Rose"** (RKO). Early in the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII was on the throne and knighthood was still in flower, it seems that Mary Tudor, the king's sister, fell in love with Charles Brandon, a young chap skilled at wrestling, swordplay, and the composition of sonnets. There's quite a to-do before the two lovers are able to get together and settle down into the dukedom that Brandon has been granted. The production is about as handsome as one could wish; Glynis Johns and Richard Todd are likable as the romantic pair; but the script by Lawrence E. Watkin is a slow one, and Ken Annakin's direction doesn't help much to take up the slack. This sort of thing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, and I'm afraid I had a little too much time to admire the costumes and the furnishings. Perhaps the most interesting acting job is turned in by James Robertson Justice as King Henry. He munches chicken about as robustly as did Charles Laughton in a similar role some years ago, exhibits a roguish eye for a pretty girl, and wears the clothes of the period with a great flair. A little more dueling and less of the heavily played court intrigue might have helped some, but as it stands we have something less than the lavish "Ivanhoe" M.G.M. gave us a year ago and something more than the standard knightly adventure. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Roman Holiday: Reviewed in this issue

The Cruel Sea: A very smooth, very tight, very moving British staging of the Monsarrat novel about a sub-chaser and its war. (*SR* Aug. 22)

The Beggar's Opera: The eighteenth-century opera by John Gay about London lowlife is the scene of cavortings and vocals by Sir Laurence Olivier. (*SR* Aug. 15)

From Here to Eternity: This enormous epic of the Regular Army sprawls across the screen, carrying with it Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (*SR* Aug. 8.)

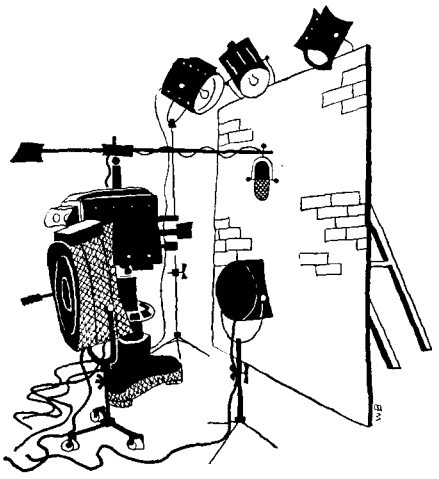
Vice Squad: Edward G. Robinson supervises in a semi-documentary on the Los Angeles detective force. (*SR* Aug. 1.)

The Band Wagon: The old master, Fred Astaire, ably assisted by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and a galaxy of Dietz-Schwartz tunes. (*SR* July 25.)

Stalag 17: How plenty of horseplay enlivens the tedium of a German prison; the successful Broadway play faithfully transplanted. (*SR* July 4.)

Julius Caesar: A magnificent setting of the Shakespeare tragedy, with Sir John Gielgud as Cassius in the van of a cast glittering with electricity and passion. (*SR* June 6.)

Man on a Tightrope: A tense chronicle, scripted by Robert E. Sherwood, of the escape of a Czech circus troupe from Iron-Curtainland. (*SR* May 30.)



Transatlantic Vox Populi

IF many Europeans today seem beset by a sense of moral and spiritual defeat, if they wrestle with angels and demons of good and evil, if they are acutely conscious of guilt, honor, survival, and salvation, Americans too are aware, in varying degrees of articulate and unexpressed sensitivity, of inner voices which continually examine and re-examine their own values, goals, and actions. It is for this reason that "Voices of Europe," a half-hour radio program which WMAQ, the NBC station in Chicago, will broadcast locally Friday evening, September 18, should prove of strong interest to listeners in the midwest. The program (last of a series of six) will present Milton Mayer, American author and broadcaster, lecturer and faculty member of the Institute for Social Research of the University of Frankfurt, in a tape-recorded interview with Dr. Carl Hermann, professor of physics at Marburg University, and his wife. The German couple will talk with moving honesty and dignity of their experiences under Nazi rule.

Professor and Frau Hermann, "so-called Aryans," were always anti-Nazi, yet they chose to remain in Germany in 1933 because, in the professor's words, "we did not like the idea of going very far away from some of our friends who might need help in the time that was before us." They were prepared to obey minor Nazi laws, yet they harbored Jewish friends and were eventually caught and sentenced to hard labor for illegally listening to foreign broadcasts. Dr. Hermann, looking back, regrets now that he compromised and signed the Nazi oath of allegiance, after first refusing to do so. "I think that people who are heroes all the time of their lives are very rare," he reflects. "While many of us are given the grace of a certain hour of heroic decision which doesn't last long, as long as this force from outward is upon us, we can do things we should never dream of on other days of our life. And so this first day when I was able to say no was one of the days I'm very thankful for."

The German people as a whole, Frau Hermann would say today, were guilty of mass timidity in the struggle against Nazism. "But no one outside Germany," she adds, "can quite understand how hard it was to resist Nazism, mass enthusiasms, and the promise of a new world. I remember standing in a Stuttgart street on one of the Nazi festival days and feeling this mass enthusiasm coming like a wave which threatened to sweep even me off my feet."

The professor's wife thinks that the Allied occupation of Germany was less successful than it was hoped it would be, "because the illustration and example [of democracy] was not always as clear as many of us would have wished." Her husband reminds us how unexpectedly a country can submit blindly to a dictator. "It was quite a surprise," he says, "to learn that we [Germany] could do the same thing [as Italy] and could do it even more thoroughly than the Italians could." Frau Hermann, speaking to Americans, says: "I should like to advise everyone who wants to stand up against evil, be it totalitarianism or whatever: make your stand early enough because that is the easier way. If you consider living dangerously, be sure you strike your roots down deep enough. Don't think you can rely on your own strength, because you may be surprised how little of that you possess. A man should be connected to something bigger than himself. What that is depends on the individual. With many I think it is religion. It was amazing to me to see how much religious people could stand or do in prison."

THE release of American prisoners of war in Korea has brought newspaper reports which tell of "confessions" willingly signed by our troops under crude and subtle forms of enemy harassment. Here at home we are no longer strangers to political confessions, conspiracies, betrayals, conflicts of loyalties, hard choices in personal and public life. Truly "Voices of Europe" are human voices; they could be—in a sense they already are our voices. This—their universality, suffering, understanding, humility, and desperate hope—is the mature achievement of the entire series. Mr. Mayer, accompanied by his wife as chauffeur and technician, rented an old Ford, and drove 9,000 miles this side of the Iron Curtain in three months. With a tape recorder borrowed from UNESCO, he interviewed 120 English-speaking Europeans and sent the tapes back home to the National Association of Educational Broadcasters, which had commis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sioned him to do the series under a Fund for Adult Education (Ford Foundation) grant.

Most of the people interviewed on "Voices of Europe" speak haltingly in English; few of their names could be identified even by Americans who are familiar with European affairs. Some are in fairly high places, most are obscure; but in the majority of cases there are warmth, interesting complexity, and conviction born in the abyss and aftermath of World War II. In one program the venerable principal of a folk high school in Sweden reflects sadly on the bankruptcy of the West's technical-intellectual culture. In another a Christian theologian from Communist Czechoslovakia explains how he reconciles his two opposite faiths—a fascinating performance. A Swedish businessman attacks the "myth" of his country's middle-of-the-road, well-to-do-success. "The Finns," he declares, "are way ahead of us in architecture and industrial art, because they have suffered. They create beautiful things out of nothingness, almost. . . . Most of the things that we became famous for, such as our beautiful glass, for instance, is now becoming bulky, overdecorated, degenerating in form and design."

Dr. Martin Niemoller strikes an epic note in one program when he recalls a debate on ethics which he engaged in with his commandant at the time he was a German submarine officer in World War I. His U-boat had just sunk a French troop transport: two thousand enemy soldiers were in the water struggling for their lives. The German raider had one torpedo left: a French destroyer arrived to rescue the troops in the water; and there, underseas, with the future Pastor Niemoller pleading for the more humane action, he and his commandant argued the right and the wrong of sinking the rescuing destroyer with their last torpedo. Robert Fabian, a retired Scotland Yard detective superintendent, provides a humorous color in another program when he recounts how he broke his toughest case, and incidentally wonders how Sherlock Holmes, "a drug-taker, a constant smoker, and a man who fiddles about on a fiddle in the dressing gown could really get down to these jobs, because I find that the biggest asset you can have is a jolly good sound physical constitution."

Mr. Mayer brought off the entire "Voices of Europe" series of sixty-five half-hour shows at a total cost of $225 per show—which demonstrates what you can do when you turn a man loose who thinks compassionately and knows how to ask the right questions.

—Robert Lewis Shayon

MUSIC TO MY EARS

A New "Trial" of the Berg Method

Salzburg.

To speak of Gottfried von Einem's "The Trial" ("Der Prozess"), which had its premiere here in late August, as a middle-class rather than a proletarian "Wozzeck" is, perhaps, to indulge in an oversimplification. Yet in many ways, for all the differences, it is more interesting as a continuation of the forces set in motion by that historical predecessor than for any other single factor.

As in the case of Berg, Einem is dealing with a writer neglected in his own time and only "discovered" after his death. To be sure, Franz Kafka, on whose novel "The Trial" is based, has a wider following now than Berg's Büchner ever did. Nevertheless, one is struck by the analogy of two authors writing against the background of one time and found to be contemporaneous by composers of another time.

Berg's and Büchner's Wozzeck is a man of low mentality pressed down by a society in which there seems to be no place for him; Einem's and Kafka's Josef K (as developed for the stage by Boris Blacher and Hein von Cramer) is a man of much more sophistication enmeshed by social forces he can neither escape nor repel. In the end each is extinguished. As an odd kind of commentary on self-determination, Wozzeck, the proletarian of low mentality, ordains his own death by suicide; Josef K, the sophisticate, turns and twists and seeks every non-existent path of escape until he dies at the hand of the order he has offended.

As in "Wozzeck," the action is developed in a series of short episodes (nine in all) with little direct continuity. Josef K (extremely well portrayed by the veteran tenor Max Lorenz) retains his identity throughout; but his female vis-à-vis, Lisa della Casa, portrays three different women, and there are duplicate impersonations by male members of the cast (Ludwig Hoffmann in particular) to make the parts they play more symbolic than realistic. Also, as in "Wozzeck," the orchestra carries the main musical substance; often enough the voice parts sound as though they might have been written in to utilize whatever pitches had not been usurped by strings, woodwinds, or brass.

At this point, however, any analogy with "Wozzeck" must be abandoned. Whereas Berg has to be respected as a creator obsessed by his subject who followed its implications truly to the bitter end, Einem is an intelligent resourceful, sometimes inspired, but always practical craftsman who is not disposed to gamble away success by reckless use of dissonance, doctrinaire devotion to *sprechstimme*, or all-out fidelity to such a scheme as the twelve-tone system. He freely admits that he started out to write "Der Prozess" in the twelve-tone idiom, but gave it up when it did not seem to "fit." Whatever the impulse, the result is a musical *pastiche*, in which such influences as Richard Strauss and Kurt Weill, Gershwin and Stravinsky are molded into a kind of musical *lingua franca* more suggestive of advanced film "scoring" than the forceful language needed to sustain attention in the theatre.

What it all adds up to, it seems to me, is another instance of the considerable intellectual labor today's composers make of writing for the theatre. It is, apparently, no longer feasible merely to entertain or stimulate or divert—as Verdi did in a whole series of major works and Puccini did in a shorter series of lesser ones. One must confront a Moral Issue, as in the instance of Britten in "Peter Grimes" and "Billy Budd," even, in a sense, Stravinsky in "The Rake's Progress." Today's operatic composer—always excepting Gian-Carlo Menotti—must be not merely an authority on counterpoint, orchestral color, and voice-leading, but also on Good and Evil. But the simple fact remains that the operatic stage is, has, and always will be an area for people, not for ideas. "Fidelio" endures because of the passionate sympathy Beethoven roused for Leonore, not because he valued freedom above tyranny. Josef K's problem in "Der Prozess" never involves the listener very deeply, for the basic reason that he, personally, is much too shadowy and insubstantial a human being to make us care very much what happens to him.

It is, furthermore, rather difficult to become involved in a problem when one is not quite sure what that problem is. In the Kafka original one is aware that the bank official Josef K has offended some canon of regular-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

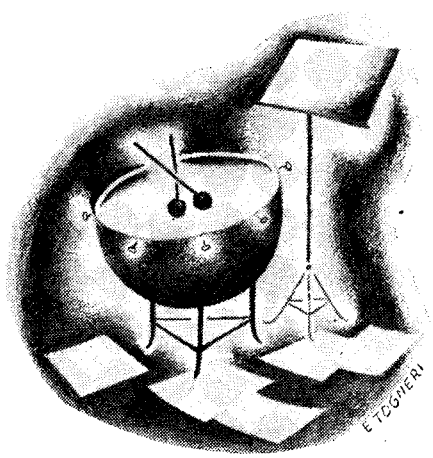
ity (the Communist kind) and makes his defection worse by vacillation, imagined reprisals, etc. None of this is spelled out in the text set by Einem. One is aware only that Josef K is a helpless individual in an authoritarian society. One is never given the means to weigh his guilt or measure the justice of the punishment.

All of these reservations and doubts about "The Trial" must have been as evident to the Salzburg people who underwrote the production as they were to one who watched many hours of preparation for it. That they nevertheless authorized the expense involved in Karl Böhm's painstaking exposition of the score with the Vienna Philharmonic—it began months ago in Vienna and was still going on practically at curtain time—, the elaborate and suggestive scenic production of Caspar Neher, not to mention the devoted efforts of a cast that included, beyond the excellent Lorenz, Della Casa, and Hoffmann, such fine artists as Alfred Poell, Polly Batic, and Alois Pernerstorfer, testifies to a large vote of confidence in Einem's present capacity.

A Berlin production of "Der Prozess" is imminent, to be followed by others in Germany and Switzerland. Before long New York will see it, in an English translation, at the City Center. If this proves anything, it is that the musical world is willing, nay eager, to add whatever it can of substance to extend a repertory ground fine by repeated use, to replenish from new sources a reservoir of interest not nearly as full as it once was.

The question with Einem would seem to involve direction rather than capacity. Much of "The Trial" testifies to his serious purpose, strong sense of orchestral values, constructional powers in developing a scene musically and theatrically. But he must learn how to interest us in his people before we can take sides with the ideas they represent.

—Irving Kolodin.



Writers

Continued from page 12

same kind. The line he quotes as typical of A.E.'s poetry—"Sounds the deep OM the mystic word of light" is not typical, and his style should not be judged by it. He wrote poetry that is fine in form and intense in feeling. Dublin intellectuals had not the same nobility of outlook after they forsook A.E.'s Sunday evenings.

Pre-Hitler St. John

THE STORY BEHIND THE BEARD: In the course of the last fourteen years Robert St. John has become well known as a war correspondent, radio reporter, author of books on Europe, and a glib lecturer of most ingratiating manner whose fine, bearded countenance has been seen from one end of the United States to the other.

The world, therefore, knows Mr. St. John mostly as a trend-finder, journalist, and bloviator. There was, however, a Robert St. John who lived and breathed for many years before the outbreak of World War II, and it is to this character that the author turns his attention in **"This Was My World"** (Doubleday, $3.95). The story of the ups and downs of Robert St. John stops with his departure for Europe just before Hitler's great flare-up, and we are thus not let in on the thoughts and experiences of the St. John who flourished after that.

This material, however, has been pretty well covered in Mr. St. John's previous books: "From the Land of the Silent People," "It's Always Tomorrow," "The Silent People Speak," and "Shalom Means Peace," as well as numerous newspaper and magazine articles.

Mr. St. John tells in great detail of his beginnings in Chicago as the son of a poor but respectable drugstore proprietor, his learning of the rudiments of sex, his ventures in making a living, his entrance into suburban journalism in Oak Park, his misfortunes as editor of an anti-Capone paper in Cicero, Ill., and his later experiences as a newspaperman in Vermont, Camden, N. J., Philadelphia, and New York.

There was, also, an interval in which he and his wife lived precariously for five years on a farm in New Hampshire, raising chickens and squashes, trying to write a little, and dabbling occasionally in politics. One of his discoveries in New Hampshire was that hens would lay eggs without the presence of roosters. It was there, moreover, that Mr. St. John decided to grow the beard which has been admired—or at any rate discussed—from San Francisco to Belgrade.

According to Mr. St. John's own story, the beard was not intended as a bit of swank, or to cover a weak chin or any unsightly scars. He grew it, he says, to save time wasted in shaving, figuring that in a normal lifetime he could be ahead by about eleven whole months—time which, if used in high-powered production, could be exceedingly profitable. He says he patterned his beard after that of an old New England notable whose picture he saw in the state capitol at Concord, N. H., a man named John H. Lockman.

Mr. St. John is clearly bemused by his own early life (most of us are), and he tells it all with considerable relish. Readable stuff, but it is to be feared that it will not affect the price of beeswax one way or the other. Good to get the lowdown on the beard, though.

—Stanley Walker.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 533

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 533 will be found in the next issue.

VOEA GH AMWAGXA PLK

KH SH THHS KH HKCAJX

HJ NHLJXAFB; D.A., ZOXKA

GHKCDGT.

PAGUOVDG BJOGEFDG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 532

Friendship that flames goes out in a flash.

—H. G. Bohn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outdoor Life

STOCKHOLM.

SWEDEN spends the summer like a man who is rather grateful he doesn't turn blue when he sets foot out of doors. It is infinitely more difficult here to get a seat on a park bench than in a theatre. Diners, drinkers, dreamers, and musicians pursue their endeavors in the open. If the city itself dresses up for the summer, the Stockholmers who inhabit the municipal parks don't bother to dress very much at all. Decorating the town is done for matters of beauty whereas undecorating the citizens is a question of health. Northern people like to store up as much sun as possible before somebody pulls down the shade for the long winter. A Swede and the summer sun are like a sailor after long months at sea, or so a Swede has explained to me.

When we passed through Stockholm earlier this summer it was altogether possible to read a newspaper on the street at eleven o'clock at night. And a big yellow moon that came up like an over-ripe camembert was cause enough for a considerable portion of the populace to sit up much of the night contemplating it in the hypnotic way a Japanese contemplates a plum blossom.

This summer has been more entrancing than usual because the city has been celebrating its 700th anniversary. In the Kungsträdsgården, a lovely midtown park, plays and concerts are performed under a rippled white plastic canopy that seems to float among the trees. An iron fire tree burns with jets of flaming gas and water sprays from a glass-tubed fountain. A favorite lighting fixture here is a Scandinavian improvement of the Oriental lantern, and clusters of these hang under the elms in the Kungsträdsgården to give a subtle and summery sort of light to an outdoor beer garden or a tea shop.

Floodlights shine on the palaces and parliament, on the sleek white sailing ship *Chapman,* a floating youth hostel which rides at anchor in the Saltsjön, or Salt Sea, in front of the Grand Hotel and charges thirty cents a night for lodging, twenty cents extra for sheets in case you're fastidious. When the night has finally come down, there is still a white light of promise glowing in the north, and the midnight blue of the sky is decorated with the lacy steeple of the Riddarholmskyrkan, where the kings are buried, and the sharp lines of Stockholm's city hall tower. On special nights concerts are given under the arcades of city hall at the edge of Lake Mälaren, and the line of poplars sways slightly, the willows droop, and fifty yards offshore a spume of water shoots in the air for added adornment.

One night we walked the narrow cobbled streets of the old town, one of Stockholm's sixteen islands which divides Lake Mälaren from the Salt Sea. We went down into the cellar of the Golden Peace, as all Americans must do, and had dinner in the 300-year-old catacombs where Carl Michael Bellman wrote ballads. Anders Zorn, the Swedish painter, established the place as a sort of foundation, donating it to the Swedish Academy, which turns the profits into scholarships for authors.

It was a short walk up to Junotäppan, where the municipal theatre was giving "Arlequins Aventyr," performed in an open square. The audience sat on wooden planks, and some hung out of the windows of the seventeenth-century buildings. The spire of a church rose behind the stage, church bells punctuating the dialogue every fifteen minutes. We didn't understand a word, but the atmosphere hung over the square like a lowering cloud. Later we walked down the cobbled hills again and stopped at the Järntorget, where iron down from the mines in the north was weighed before it was sent abroad. The iron market is gone but Sundborg's Konditori is still selling cakes there, the way it did in 1785, when the Järntorget rang with the sound of ingots.

ONCE we went down to the docks near the old iron market and watched the traffic swirl around the hopeless puzzle of a clover leaf built over a set of locks that connect the Salt Sea and Lake Mälaren. White ships bound for Finland lined the quays, and we stood in a queue for the ferry that takes you over to Skansen, and got lost in a crowd of German students all zipped up in blue gym suits. The Salt Sea flowed like a river below the palisade, the blue and yellow flags of Sweden snapped like a towel in the hands of a locker-room cavorter, and the good ship *Isbrytaren II* stood stock and still with nothing to do for months because she is an ice breaker and it was the season for sun.

We listened to the Stockholm Philharmonic playing on the plateau at Skansen, the Tchaikovsky bouncing

Wandering Lens

—Horace Sutton.

ANYONE who travels and takes pictures may enjoy comparing his wares with these two photographs made by *SR*'s own wanderer this summer on assignment in Scandinavia. The pattern of the lanterns reproduces the interior of a Kungsträdsgården tea shop in Stockholm. It was made at night with the help of a tripod. The Swedish church at right was caught in the full morning sunlight with the aid of an amber filter, and framed in trees and shadowy foreground. Both were taken on a battered Rolleiflex using Kodak Super XX, which our man says gives him more latitude in case of bad weather, shadows, or nightfall. Travel leads to all kinds of things and your own travel pictures may lead you to a free trip around the world. See the inside back cover.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off the formed wooden bandshell, and rolling across the acres of Swedes who lined the benches. Up at the Solliden, a new million-dollar restaurant, the view of the bandshell and the crowd was unhindered through the giant glass windows, the sound rolled up in waves, and the dinner was three courses and cost $1.50. If one preferred simpler music there was the Bern right in town where a brassier band played "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and other more indigenous tunes, while the waiters brought orders of Swedish punch and new potatoes dressed in spindly green dill. One could sit in the better section under the orange canopies, alongside the reed-filled lagoon. Or one could find an empty seat in the open-air cafeteria across the way. Non-eaters could sit on park benches facing the bandstand and just listen. The band played for all.

ONE could sit, too, in the glass enclosed dining terrace of the Grand Hotel, have dinner for two dollars, if one stayed with the table d'hote, and watch the fleet of excursion ships come in an endless chain to deposit the sightseers and the sunworshippers back in town. All day long the little boats run out to the archipelago, past the white gulls that sit on the barges loaded with hills of black coal, past the strange green contraptions built to hold a wide net which sports' fishermen let down into the Salt Sea to catch a sackful of *nors,* tiny fish that appear in spring. A statue of Jenny Lind sits in a birch grove off the starboard bow facing the American Ambassador's residence and the neighboring British Ambassador's residence, not far from Axel Wenner-Gren's place. Then among the reeds is Folke Bernadotte's home, where his widow still lives, and farther on the Djurgårdsbrunns Wärdhus, a delightful restaurant overlooking the Djurgårdsbrunnsviken, which is something of a canal. And when you've done your noblest there with the smoked salmon, the aquavit, the beer, the strawberries big as plums, and the whipped cream there is a horse and carriage to take you home by way of the park.

In the Kungsträdsgården, which is to say the King's Park, glass cases display the finest of Sweden's handicraft: furniture and fabrics which have set the mode for modern design in the United States, magnificent glass, stainless steel tableware, ceramics, and lamps. Of all this dazzling display the stainless steel tableware seemed to me to be the very best buy. Eight place settings of six pieces each cost $22. The ceramics seemed to lack the unexhibited flair of the work in Denmark and the reckless flair being exhibited among the avant-gardists of Finland. On the other hand, the silly things that tourists buy and cherish—the handpainted modern birds, the roosters with plumes of wood-shavings, the impressionistic figures of farm folk whittled in wood—are done here with great abandon and artistry. The best of this can be found in a department store called the NK, pronounced en-ko, which in its spare time has done the United States Embassy in Moscow and some of the U.N. interiors in New York. I should also pass on to you the added morsel of intelligence that Swiss watches are an excellent buy in Stockholm; you can figure on paying no more than one-third the price of the same makes in America.

If you want to shop another store it would be the Pub, which aside from its merchandise has the added advantage of being located on a square called the Höttorget, or Haymarket. Opposite the Pub is the Stockholm Concert Hall decorated in front with Carl Milles's statue of Orpheus playing his harp while a number of unencumbered bronze ladies and gents are portrayed in a variety of postures normally assumed by ladies and gents listening to music. The steps of the Concert Hall are otherwise ornamented on good days with dozens of Stockholmers who sit with their faces lifted to the sun. The square itself is a mass of fruit and vegetable carts every morning. Once a year, long after the sun fanciers and the fruit peddlers have fled, a dignified assemblage gathers at the Concert Hall to watch the presentation of the Nobel Awards.

THE perennial thing in hotels in Stockholm is the Grand, which has some beautiful new rooms with wonderful views of the maze of bridges, boats, and water. It also has a long-time reputation not at all diminished by the fact that it sits on a street with the impossible handle of Södra Blasieholmshamnen. By the time you say that to a cab driver the meter has flipped another kronar.

The newest thing in hotels in Stockholm is the Malmen, an efficiency operation where the bed folds into the wall, and there is an automatic device along the lines of an egg timer which you merely set at the desired hour of reveille and it wakes you with ease and infallibility by ringing a bell. It should be installed by law in Scandinavia, where hotels have had the habit this summer of (a) calling an hour too early, (b) calling fifteen minutes late, or (c) not calling at all. Aside from this complaint, most Scandinavian hotels have all the comforts of home, and that includes bath and shower. On the other hand, I have yet to find one with a shower curtain, unless it would be the new and tony Park Avenue Hotel in Gothenburg. There is doubtless some relation between the lack of shower curtains and the number of lakes in Sweden, which is 90,000.

The only other things anyone ought to know is that in Sweden sex is six, and if you want to greet an old friend you shout, "Hay! Hay!" or, more properly, "Hej! Hej!" Also, that Swedes are rather serious about drinking and driving, never indulging

Enjoy an autumn vacation in la Province de Québec

Come when the hillside blazes with unbelievable color, when the highways and hotels are less crowded. You will indeed enjoy visiting historic, picturesque French-Canada, where you will be welcomed with old-time hospitality, in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

For free road maps and booklets, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

Fly non-stop to PARIS by The DIPLOMAT

Luxurious DC-6 express sleeper

from NEW YORK to PARIS and ROME 5 P. M. Wednesdays. Also Tourist and First Class flights Mondays and Fridays.

See your Travel Agent or

ITALIAN AIRLINES-LAI

15 E. 51st St., New York 22, N. Y., MU 8-0331

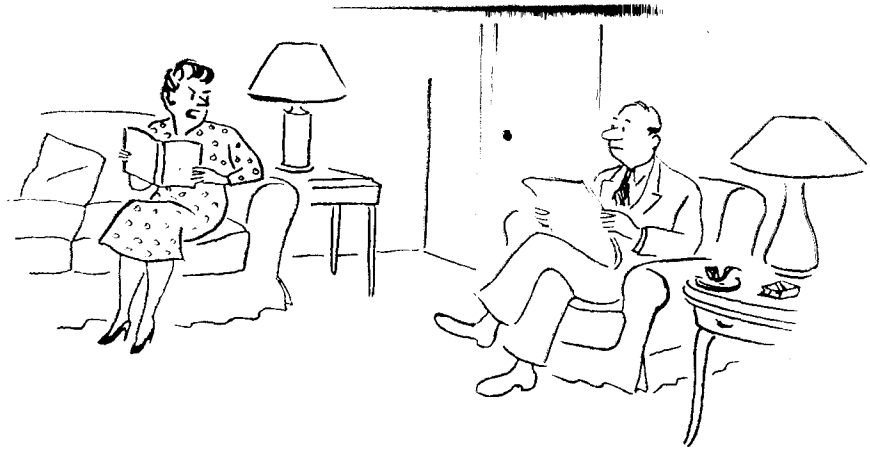
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the former before the latter. Spot checks are made by Swedish police, and any driver carrying around an alcoholic blood count is for the work farm for thirty days. Some hotels operate chauffeur services, dispatching drivers to drive home the cars of people who suspect there is a little moonshine among their corpuscles.

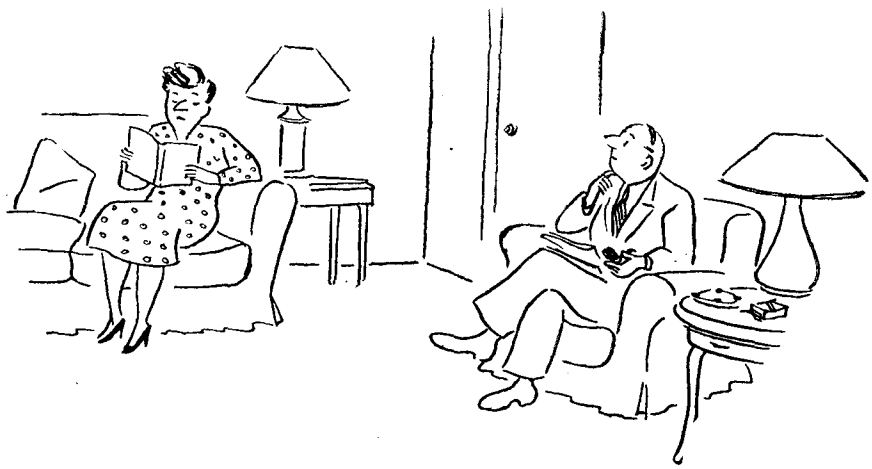
It was with the greatest temerity that Stockholm's elected guardians finally gave permission for the city to have two nightclubs for its 700th anniversary. Figured the populace would go to rack and ruin, that's what. The worry was needless, for I looked in the clubs the other night just before midnight and things were progressing as ripsnorting as Zanesville on Sunday. Out in the park, though, people were having a fine time drinking tea under those lanterns, business was good at the stands that sell *varm korv* (a Northern version of a hot dog), and Swedish waffles were sizzling in the irons. Nothing was gayer than the ice-cream stands, which are painted blue and white and look like circus tents, and the crowd around the *mjölkbar* was swilling glasses of Grade A as if there would be no tomorrow.—HORACE SUTTON.

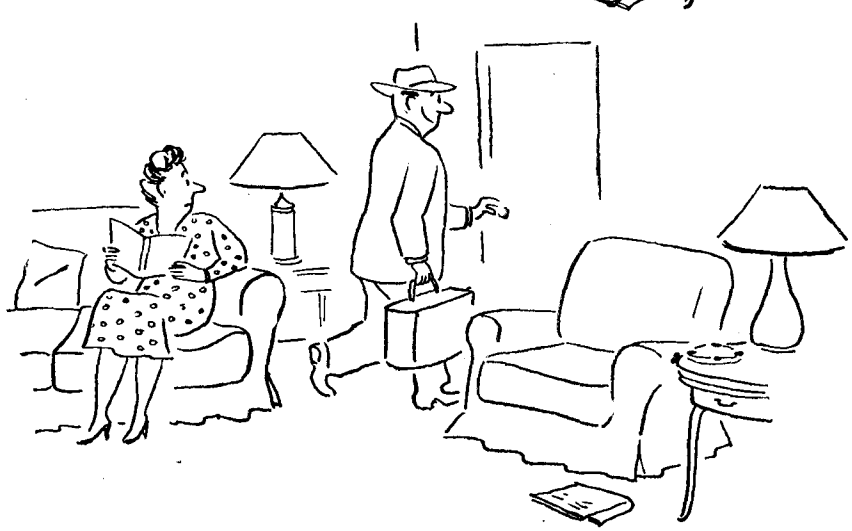
Traveler's Tale

PARADISE IN PAGES: It is a very good possibility that **"Hawaii Travel Handbook"** (edited by Stewart and Lee Fern, Kent, $1) will cost you considerably more than the purchase price. Having a frightening effect on this traveler who has been to Hawaii, I suspect it will similarly stimulate anyone to slip a padlock on the front door and just take off. In any case the handbook is a soft-cover, spiral-bound affair that covers a wealth of material in an easy and sensible way without ever getting fouled in the nest of abbreviations, fine print, and statistics that once were absolutely necessary in a straight guide. The Ferns outline where you can stay with prices, tell you where to eat by nationality, and advise you where to go and if a beach is rough with coral or undeveloped or only used by fishermen. All the intelligence is broken down island by island and there is a mass of data on how to get from one to the other. Those who would merely collapse on Waikiki are invited to pursue such an endeavor, but there are also directions for anyone who would learn to body surf ride, sail a catamaran, hunt wild pigs, or sniff orchids. There are ads to defray the cost but these seem to me to add to the atmosphere since they are all full-page photographs usually of a palmy scene or gorgeous lady getting ready to hand you a lei. —H. S.



"I wonder where you'd be today if you didn't have me."





—*Doris Matthews.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

(*Continued from page 20*)

Racer" still runs ahead of the field, but there is still room for someone to do for auto racing what Faulkner long ago did so splendidly and vividly for aerial barn-storming in "Pylon."

—AL HINE.

SIN IN THE BIG TOWN: When racketeer Rollie Evans in Delmar Jackson's **"The Cut of the Ax"** (Harcourt, $3.50) moves in on the town, complete with Cadillac and blonde, the town camphorizes its self respect, pulls down its shades, and competes for deals over a glass of his bootleg gin. A smooth operator, Rollie quickly weaves himself into the political and financial fabric of the community. He buys off the mayor, selects the town's chief police officers, conducts his illegal business behind a legitimate facade, and even has the marshal and his first deputy on the payroll.

The town drifts on complacently from one corruption to another until it finds itself being graduated into Big-Time Sin on the day that Isabel Nichols, the mayor's sister-in-law, is found raped and murdered. The town's pillars of society tremble, Isabel having been energetically untidy in her extracurricular activities, and it is considered a stroke of providence that two strangers, a young Mexican and a sarcastic hobo, happen along just in time to be accused of the crime.

Mr. Jackson makes a powerful drama of conscience and corruption out of this tense situation in his remarkably poised first novel. The climax follows Rollie's attempts to engineer a lynching and Paul's belated battlings against his own corroding sense of expediency. Mr. Jackson may seem a little hard on the American town in this blistering portrait of its delinquencies, but his book will keep you thinking long after you've judged it, and the thinking will take you from a simple little courtroom and ordinary people to Berchtesgaden and the Kremlin. Mr. Jackson's ax cuts true and deep.

—CHARLES LEE.

TWO BROTHERS ON AN ALP: Russian-born exile, prize-winning novelist, and biographer Henri Troyat's latest work, **"The Mountain"** (translated by Constantine Fitz Gibbon. Simon & Schuster, $2.50) is a parable concerning two brothers, Isaiah and Marcellin Vaudagne. Isaiah, twenty years his brother's senior, earned his living for many years as a guide taking tourists up the Alps surrounding his Swiss village until he was hurt in a fall. Although Isaiah had always cared for his orphaned brother, when it was Marcellin's turn to reciprocate he was grudging with his help. Marcellin wants to force Isaiah to sell their cabin and land, and use the capital to set himself up in business. Isaiah refuses because "father would not have allowed it." When a plane traveling from Calcutta to London crashes on the mountain, the village sends up a rescue party, but it is unable to reach the wreck. Marcellin, hoping to loot the corpses, persuades Isaiah to take him to the summit. After a remarkably exciting climb, they find a sole survivor in the plane, an Indian woman. Marcellin wants to leave her to die; Isaiah nearly kills him in the ensuing fight. He carries the woman back to his cabin where she dies, after having watched his brother fall to his death on the glacier. It is clear that Mr. Troyat intends us to assume Isaiah the embodiment of good and Marcellin evil. It is a crude morality. But the book is marked by a mounting tension and an authentic climax that come close to erasing its defects.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

FIFTEEN FRESH STORIES: The editors of *Partisan Review* have chosen fifteen pieces of fiction from the last eight years of their magazine, and by allowing them to be issued as **"Stories in the Modern Manner"** (Avon, 35¢) they hope to bring together readers and writers separated by "commercial routine and mental inertia." Another barrier, which they do not mention, is that a single issue of their magazine costs more than twice as much as this anthology. In general its stories possess a quality their editors look for: "creative force and integrity"; most of them therefore make convincing and moving reading. Two by Isaac Babel, a Soviet writer long since purged, are extravagantly vital and imaginative. The longest piece is André Gide's "Theseus," one of his last works, and here beautifully translated and introduced by John Russell. It deals with Gide's most essential preoccupations—or obsessions, if one considers them trivial and egocentric. But no one can deny its sly wit and subtlety. Somehow out of place, though fun as reading, are "gimmick" stories by Marcel Aymé and Charles Jackson. Those by Delmore Schwartz, Jean Genet, and Alberto Moravia, however, entertain through the opposite quality of simplicity and inner drama. Stories by Lionel Trilling and Jean Stafford—too precious for at least one reader—and a short one by Isaac Rosenfeld add variety to the anthology.

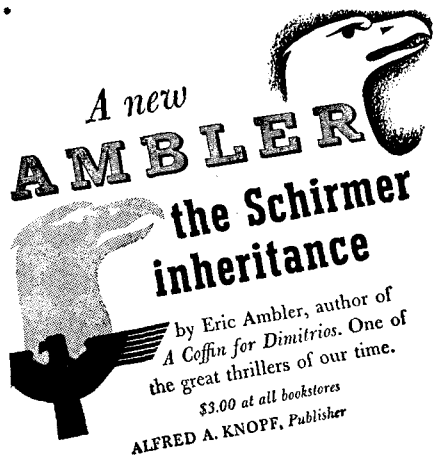
—ROBERT HALSBAND.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's *Guide to Detective Fiction*

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEATH MEETS 400 RABBITS *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Torero gets quietus in Mexican spa; Yank archeologists delve to good purpose.	Color good, story not too strong (title? local term for mucho blotto).	Amiable job, with nice scenery
TWEAK THE DEVIL'S NOSE *Richard Deming* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Lt. gov. of Illinois, no less, shot dead; Manny Moon hired to finger killer.	High finance, high politics, nightclubbers abound, but fail to stir blood.	No world-beater
THE FENCE *Hugh Lawrence Nelson* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Pvt. Eye Jim Dunn snoops while family row in Colorado mtns. blows up big.	Chop-chop technique annoying; folks thoroughly unreal.	Too arty by half

—SERGEANT CUFF.


A new
AMBLER
the Schirmer inheritance
by Eric Ambler, author of A Coffin for Dimitrios. One of the great thrillers of our time.
$3.00 at all bookstores
ALFRED A. KNOPF, Publisher

We offer any part of, in units of 50 shares:
2500 SHARES
EQUITABLE CREDIT CORP.
(Cumulative Participating Pfd. Stock)
PRICE 4¾
DIVIDEND RECORD

1946..22¢	1949..26¢	1952..35¾¢
1947..24¢	1950..27¢	
1948..25¢	1951..32¾¢	

Write or call for circular
De Pasquale Co.
55 William St., N. Y. 5, N. Y. BO 9-5242

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Homage to Bruyas

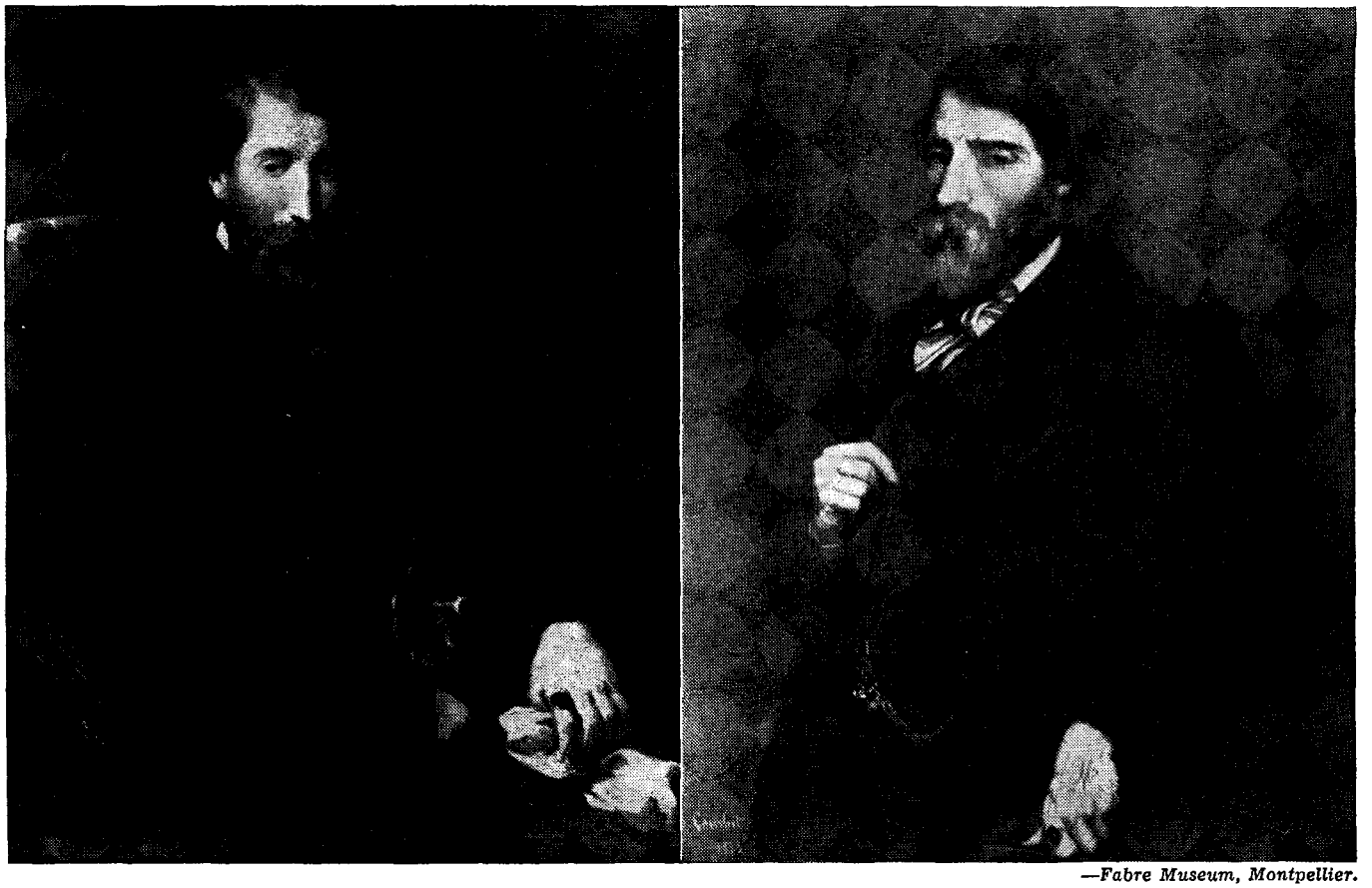
"THIS man is a complex of nerves, bronchitis, and fever. I myself have all that, but am less afflicted than he." With these words Eugène Delacroix described one of the most remarkable art patrons of the nineteenth century—Alfred Bruyas of Montpellier. Bruyas' great collection is housed in his native city at the Fabre Museum, named for a local disciple of Jacques Louis David. It contains one of the finest small galleries of nineteenth-century French art in existence.

This is the gallery devoted to Bruyas' collection. The gallery is dominated to an exceptional degree by the image of Bruyas himself, known in his era as one of the handsomest men in France and the subject of no less than sixteen portraits by various artists. Of these portraits the two most memorable were completed by Delacroix and Courbet in the same year—1853. In that year Delacroix was fifty-five and Courbet a little more than twenty years his junior. The younger man holds his own against romanticism's great master, and it would be difficult to choose between the two pictures as to quality. But the temperamental differences between the artists are made clear.

Delacroix' portrait shows Bruyas seated, his face soft and meditative above his resplendent beard. Obviously the painter thought of his subject as frail and rather neurasthenic, just as he described Bruyas in words. Courbet, on the other hand, portrays Bruyas standing erect, a robust man of affairs, his eyes confident and appraising.

In two subsequent portraits Courbet's mood softened and he approached Delacroix' conception of Bruyas as a pensive esthete. But perhaps there was a special reason why, in 1853, he should have thought of the Montpellier collector as formidable and strong. That year Courbet had sent to the Salon a picture which provoked one of the greatest scandals in the history of art. This was "The Bathers," whose central nude figure was attacked in the press as indecent, gross, beyond her prime, quite likely diseased, and certainly unwashed. The cartoonist Cham made the last three charges precise in the pages of *Charivari*. His caption read: "A woman of forty-five on the point of washing for the first time in her life in the hope of assuaging her varicose veins." And Merimée suggested that the nude should have been sent to New Zealand, where the cannibals measured beauty by its edible weight. The rumpus was not confined to literary-artistic circles. The Empress Eugènie, after admiring in the Salon a group of Rosa Bonheur's paintings of horses, walked on to stand for a moment before Courbet's "Bathers." Pointing to its nude, she asked indignantly, "Is this another *percheronne?*" The reaction of her husband, the Emperor, was more direct. He slapped the picture with his riding whip.

IN the face of this uproar Bruyas had the courage to buy "The Bathers," now one of the chief attractions of the Montpellier Museum. No wonder Courbet thought of him as vigorous and brave. Presently the two men became close friends, and Courbet's



—Fabre Museum, Montpellier.

Delacroix saw Alfred Bruyas (left) as "frail . . . soft and meditative," Courbet as "robust . . . confident, and appraising."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visit to Montpellier was commemorated by one of the absolute masterpieces of the century—the picture known as "The Meeting" or "Bonjour M. Courbet," which shows the artist being met on the road outside Montpellier by Bruyas and servant. Several critics, commenting on the painting's fantastic luminosity, have ascribed it to Courbet's exposure, for the first time, to the brilliant light of the Midi. The theory gains credibility when one sees the picture at Montpellier and afterwards walks out into the white sunlight. The Midi's glare and shadows must have startled Courbet, born and raised in the grayer Franche-Comté, just as the light of Arles startled Vincent van Gogh.

On the same wall at Montpellier hangs Courbet's portrait of Baudelaire, which the artist said gave him trouble "because every day his face changes." There are no signs of uncertainty in the portrait itself. It was begun in 1848, when Baudelaire was being acclaimed a minor hero of the Revolution for having flung himself recklessly over the barricades during heavy street fighting. Baudelaire, who worshiped Delacroix, was extremely reserved in his opinion of Courbet as a painter; he wrote about the latter's work only once and then quite disparagingly. And since the poet was perhaps the most perceptive (and certainly the most eloquent) art critic of his time, this fact makes the recognition of both artists by the provincial collector, Bruyas, seem all the more remarkable. He must have found Delacroix and Courbet utterly unlike as companions. Whereas the former was widely read and intensely musical, his younger rival not only "hated the sight of a book," but thought concert-going a crime of dilettantism. Yet Bruyas enjoyed both Delacroix' urbanity of mind and Courbet's crude reactions and humor. He understood romanticism's faith in imagination as the *sine qua non* of art, and he supported Courbet's realist dictum: "Beauty provided by nature is superior to all the conventions of the artist."

The contrast in viewpoint between Delacroix and Courbet extended beyond the realm of esthetics. The two men not only could not agree on what to paint, they had opposite ideas as to the proper audience for painting. Whereas Delacroix claimed that only people trained to understand art should be allowed to look at it, Courbet hoped to hang his pictures in railway stations, thus making them available to all classes. But both painters were delighted to work for Alfred Bruyas, whose rare sensitivity allowed him to cherish the art of both.

—James Thrall Soby

Detail from "The Bathers," by Courbet (1853)—"provoked one of the greatest scandals."

—*Musée Fabre, Montpellier*

Metal Marvels and Old Shoes

"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie *(Simon & Schuster. 238 pp. $7.50) shows how fluid and inventive this art form has become in our time. So writes our reviewer, Sidney Geist, himself a sculptor, as well as a member of the staff of the* Art Digest.

By Sidney Geist

SCULPTURE, traditionally the product of the large atelier and the preserve of the wealthy official or private patron, during the last half-century has been undergoing a renascence all over the world at the hands of individual artists who operate without assistants, foot the bills alone, and, for the most part, work for each others' appreciation. It is probably this last condition that has raised the revived art to such a high level and abundant inventiveness in so short a time.

A balance sheet of the fifty years is presented in "Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, who also organized the large exhibition of twentieth-century sculpture which has been touring the country and which (if you hurry) you can still see at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Mr. Ritchie's book is a handsome affair with an introduction by him, statements by fifteen sculptors, biographical notes, and a bibliography, and the bulk of the volume given over to 176 plates of reproductions of work by sixty-five sculptors.

Limiting himself, gratifyingly, to certain living, evolving tendencies, and leaving the academic traditions to other historians, Mr. Ritchie reviews the modern development of sculpture in Europe and America. The record of the half-century is examined in three sections on the work and influence of Rodin, Maillol, and Brancusi, with three further sections devoted to the cubists and futurists, the constructivists and the surrealists, and a final section on the varied manifestations of the past decade. The giants are given their due and the lines of influence are traced—for the most part. If Mr. Ritchie has erred, he has done so most evidently in the large place assigned to the constructivists, and in his generous inclusion of a great number of the younger American and British sculptors.

Not so generous has been his treatment of Epstein who, though he is accorded a half-page of comment, is treated rather as a dramatic figure than as a sculptor. Epstein is a giant who stands at the end of one tradition and at the beginning of another. His portraits brought the impression-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ist tradition of Rodin to a fiery conclusion. In the period just before the First World War, and in company with Gaudier, Archipenko, and Zadkine, he helped awaken the whole modern tradition of the carving of organic form (as opposed to the purist, symbolic form of Brancusi); this is the tradition which produced Moore. The historical position of Epstein's carving is not discussed by Mr. Ritchie, Gaudier is not mentioned, Archipenko is represented by a decorative figure rather than by one of his powerful, earlier stone figures, and Zadkine, an artist who by his work and teaching has had one of the greatest influences in modern sculpture, is dispatched in one sentence. Nor is Nadelman even mentioned. A sculptor would have ordered these things differently.

BUT all sculptors will be grateful for the full attention paid to Gonzalez; his work will teach the sculptor-welders the lesson of *temper*. A real inspiration is the inclusion of a relief by Picasso, one of those warm, inventive constructions used by him as studies for paintings.

It is with Mr. Ritchie's formal—rather than historical—analysis that I find myself most seriously at odds. "However diverse the form and content of twentieth-century sculpture . . .," he says, "the basic preoccupation of all great sculptors of all periods of history has been adhered to—the relation of mass to space." This is true only if one insists that sculptors have to work with something (mass) out in the familiar air (space). But when one considers that for some time now sculptors have been interested in movement, in the light-catching qualities of wire and plastic, in light itself, and even in sound, then Mr. Ritchie's formulation loses its significance.

Certain precisions on the modern attitude toward mass and space are possible. In the first place, the mass has become less massive. In Brancusi's hands it lost all its excesses, acquired a gleaming surface, and achieved buoyancy, almost transparency. Moore pierced his stone and wood carvings, and has gone on to ever more open construction. Gabo introduced plastic materials that were actually transparent. Picasso and Gonzalez, Calder and Smith and the other metal workers introduced metal sheet and rod in which the masses used are thin and airy. Beyond this, the thinnest of shiny wire, paper, string, and even feathers have been employed.

As for space, whereas sculptors have traditionally used for their sculpture the same pragmatic space in which they themselves move, in recent times the concept of space has been extended. Calder's neat, clear mobiles move in real space to make a comment on cosmic space; he has in fact a piece called "A Universe." Giacometti's amorphous, imprecise figures stretch up in a shrunken space of their own to make a comment on real space.

These two sculptors, moreover, appear as the extremes of modern expression, bracketing all tendencies between them: Calder, the American, whose work is humorous, optimistic, mechanical, as full of real movement as a ferris wheel or a leafy branch; Giacometti, the European, whose sculpture is tragic, pessimistic, human in theme, as quiet as a corpse or a warning presence.

What their sculpture has in common is a lightness, a physical delicacy, and the fact of having been composed of parts. Partaking of their characteristics and qualities in varying degrees is the work of the vigorous school of welders and forgers here and abroad. They all demonstrate one of the most marked characteristics of modern sculpture—that of having been put together, of having been composed of parts rather than of a unitary, monolithic material. In a fragmented world in which the body and spirit of man are under constant threat of atomization, the work of the sculptor—normally a sanguine type—reflects not only fear but hope.

Delicacy, like the thin wrist can be very strong, and the inversion of modern sculpture which puts the bulk on top and has only a narrow footing is, in its apparent instability, a symbol of optimism. Torn between the possibilities of complete extinction and a brave new world, sculpture takes on the schizoid face of anxiety. If this condition has incapacitated it for the task of communication to large masses of people—the recent international sculpture competition showed that it is unsatisfactory in its monumental application—it is, in its abundant richness of form and content, an excellent instrument for the speech of man to man.

The sculptor Noguchi, in a recent discussion, said he might be interested in making sculpture with smoke. That may have been a joke, but it was a joke he could not have made till now. It points up the extreme fluidity of the modern sculptor's mind. For sculptors, like everyone else, are aware of the ominous, immense, and dangerous shapes of smoke that the physicists have been raising over the Western deserts.

Do You Potter?

"The Origins of Art," by Gene Weltfish *(Bobbs-Merrill. 300 pp. $4.50) is an anthropologist's explanation of creativity in the arts through an analysis of the work of primitive men. John Collier, who reviews it here, is former Commissioner of Indian Affairs.*

By John Collier

WITHIN the spirit and frame of reference of Franz Boas, Gene Weltfish has produced a book valid alike for the technician and the layman. Lucid, simple, and unpretentious, "The Origins of Art" casts beams of light into the remotest of human origins—even to the horizon of hundreds of thousands of years. And always its data are specific, concrete, and central.

Dr. Weltfish views pre-literate history as an unceasing, cumulative striving by human groups toward the solving of life problems. Always these are problems of traffic with the environment, traffic with the inner soul, and transaction essentially creative between the internal universe and the external one.

The main content of Dr. Weltfish's book treats of the rise of technologies, with their inseparable connection with the production of beauty. Her thesis emphatically is not one of environmental determinism, but rather of the inseparable *transactingness* between man the builder of form, design, and symbols, and man the slow conqueror of power.

The book is laden with maps, and with designs (none in color) numbering hundreds, examples being drawn from the caves of the dawn-man in Southern France, right down to the contemporary designs and naturalistic and abstract-symbolic productions of today's American Indians. What emerges, gradually, is a realization of the diversity, really immeasurable, of expression within severe form—usually the cultural achievement of human groups numbering hundreds or a few thousands, consecutive and evolving through ages.

One example among the many is that of the Mimbres Pueblo people, who flourished from 900 A.D. to 1150 A.D. and then vanished from any certainly known region of the human experience. In this case Dr. Weltfish draws on the Peabody Museum monograph of E. S. and C. B. Cosgrove. Some 741 examples of the pottery art are there reproduced, no two of them being alike. These hard artifacts alone have survived and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

741 objects are representative of unknown thousands. In geometric, naturalistic, and abstract-symbolic art, the Mimbres people attained, and then for 250 years continued to achieve upon, one of the real mountain peaks of human expression. The pottery makers were the women. In the first Mimbres period the total population did not exceed 110, and in the later period it did not exceed 175 men, women, and children. There were, presumably, some thirty to forty producing artists in each generation. The textile and other perishable production has all vanished. The ceremonial art, with its dance, song, costume, mask, and its freight of cosmic symbolism, is gone into nothingness, just as the Mimbres people went. But the Hopi Pueblo culture, which existed alongside the Mimbres culture, still moves on almost in full-stream in nine of the eleven Hopi Mesa villages. When the data of Hopi symbolism is carried back to the gone Mimbres culture, the image becomes one of an intensity of creative life not less extraordinary than that of fifth century B.C. Athens. The perspective into the abiding human potential, supplied by the Mimbres case and many other cases in Dr. Weltfish's book, is to the attentive mind as moving as a first experience of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

DR. WELTFISH holds fast to a thesis the implications of which grow greater as her examples multiply. Human creativity in the arts is no mere spontaneity or mere expression of "primitive impulse." "All in all, the cave paintings of the Ice Age were the product of a long-cultivated technical skill that reached virtuosity after long and determined effort." The "dawn man's" technics had been wrought out cumulatively across perhaps a hundred thousand years. His greatest paintings were the cumulative result of shared striving across probably ten thousand years. The environment was one of endless cold and of hard living amongst giant animals. The places of art-creation were in the endless night of labyrinthine caves. The dawn-man strove as Leonardo da Vinci strove—spirit creating technic, technic releasing spirit, and spirit and technic travailing within societies. Among the Eskimos, Weltfish quotes Rasmussen in effect, there may be no supreme poets but everyone makes poetry. Purpose wrought into form, form canalyzing and increasing purpose, and all a shared striving, conserved within the group and improved from age to age. Such were the origins of art, Dr. Weltfish holds; and such is the future hope of all the human world.

Tumultuous Number Three

"Man of Fire: Orozco," by MacKinley Helm (Harcourt, Brace. 245 pp. $7.50) is a biography and critical study of the work of the Mexican painter and muralist, Jose Clemente Orozco. Our reviewer, Myrwyn Eaton, is associate professor of fine arts at the Washington Square College of New York University.

By Myrwyn Eaton

MACKINLEY HELM's new book on José Clemente Orozco should do much to increase the number of Americans familiar with the work of the great Mexican artist. This prediction is based upon a number of fine things about the book, including its delightful readability; its perceptive consideration of the types of painting and of the many series of frescoes which Orozco executed throughout his career; and its numerous illustrations to which intelligent reference is made in the text. It is fortunate that so able a writer and art critic as Mr. Helm has produced this book, for it is searching and accurate without being pedantic, and it is short and crisp enough to hold the interest of the majority of readers.

Up to now Orozco's work has been too seldom seen and too little reproduced and discussed in this country. His modest manner and quiet life attracted little attention as against the flamboyance of Diego Rivera and the militant, picturesque behavior of David Siqueiros, both of whom have been repeatedly in the headlines during the past thirty years. It is high time that more careful attention was paid to the qualities of mind and work of all three of these artists rather than to the revolutionary themes and exotic personalities which are generally given so much emphasis.

Mr. Helm wisely concentrates on Orozco, making few comparisons of him with other artists, so that we feel completely in touch with his personality and his work as his career unfolds and as he moves from one mural assignment to another. Mr. Helm strikes a convincing balance between personal friendship and professional admiration for the painter on the one side, and a critical evaluation of varying degrees of quality of work on the other—for indeed there is such variation in Orozco. He makes us feel, moreover, the responses of this creative artist to the different localities and conditions and backgrounds in which he labored modestly "to bring one grain of sand to the future monument of Mexican art"—the first recorded ambition of Orozco. He tells us of Orozco's search for the right subject-matter for the frescoes in the Dartmouth College library. He makes us understand to some extent the choice of a different style of painting

—*From "Man of Fire: Orozco."*

Dartmouth College fresco "Alma Mater," by Orozco.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

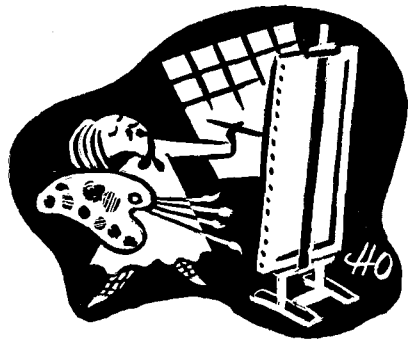
in the black-and-white frescoes in the Cabino Ortiz library at Jiquilpan, Mexico. And causes us to see more clearly the artistic kinship of Orozco with Giotto in terms of the handling of masses and forms, or with Goya in terms of common ideals and aims—the interpretation of the great and simple truths about mankind.

Like Goya, Orozco is a good person for all of us to study these days, inasmuch as he had really significant things to say and the power of direct and vigorous communication. He stands in opposition to triviality of theme and the fetish of design—texture—decorativeness which now cover so much of the globe like a flood. And though he deals, naturally, with the local problems and political beliefs of Mexico emerging slowly and painfully from its bondage, his subjects are nonetheless universal and timeless, relating as they do to the need for dignity and freedom of the human being everywhere. All this—and a good deal more—is sympathetically revealed in MacKinley Helm's book, "*Man of Fire: Orozco.*"

Art Book Notes

ETRUSCAN PAINTING: Were it not for their architecture and art, we would know little about the mentality of the Etruscans, that enigmatic people of ancient Italy whose origin is still disputed, whose inscriptions are still undeciphered, and who left no literature. Fortunately, many tomb paintings have survived, and those large murals tell us much about the character of their makers. Judging by this evidence, the Etruscans were a virile and vital people, given to stark ferocity, to orgiastic pleasures, and to primitive superstitions. These paintings were meant only for the dead man's soul, to comfort and entertain it in much the way the Egyptians adorned the walls of their tombs solely for the benefit of the deceased one.

Compared to the Etruscan works of art, those of the Egyptians appear very stilted and austere. Uninhibited, the Etruscan masters (or the Greeks in the employ of Etruscans) put lively scenes of banquets, dances, or athletic contests on the walls. There is no attempt at perspective or at



modeling of the figures. The colors, unrealistic and often violently strong, are applied without any concern for light and shade, yet the total effect is powerful by virtue of the unknown artists' capacity for rendering movement realistically and rhythmically. Although the faces are schematic and devoid of individual expression, their abstract beauty is very impressive.

Massimo Pallottino, who teaches at the University of Rome, takes us in **"Etruscan Painting"** (Skira, $12.50) to different tombs located in areas quite off the tourist beat, and offers fascinating iconographies. The 64 photographs are technically excellent, and the colors are not exaggerated as one would think—thanks to the thick blanket of earth that covered the tombs for 2,000 years they are still as bright as they were in antiquity. Scholars will regret that, as in other Skira volumes, the actual dimensions of each picture are missing.

—Alfred Werner.

ROMAN PAINTING: We know from the Latin classics that in ancient Rome painting was as popular as sculpture, but, unfortunately, no panel paintings have been preserved. Had it not been for the excavations at Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae, our knowledge even of frescoes would be limited to the few samples that survived in Rome. Whereas, in the case of Etruscan art, the murals known to us come exclusively from tombs, beautiful Roman paintings were unearthed in many private homes, especially at Pompeii, which was a summer resort for wealthy Romans. Compared to the Roman paintings, the Etruscan decorations which are much older, appear rather crude, and quite sloppy in execution; on the other hand, they are often more vigorous and compelling than the art of the sophisticated and satiated Romans which shows traces of decadence.

In **"Roman Painting"** (Skira, $15), Amedeo Maiuri, superintendent of antiquities in the Naples area, opens up for us such treasure troves as the House of Livia on Rome's Palatine hill, the villa of the mysteries in Pompeii, and the basilica of Herculaneum, all of which have been fairly well preserved. He leads us from the classical academic style, which all too slavishly imitated hellenistic prototypes, to the later, more realistic style, more adept in the handling of line and color, yet weaker in design.

As for subject matter, Roman painting, unlike Etruscan art, knew no limitation. It covered religious pictures, illustrations of the Homeric epics, genre scenes, descriptions of country life, realistic portraiture, and still lifes. Poussin and Claude Lorrain are anticipated in the idyllic panoramas, peopled with leisurely figures; there are architectural settings in the lush rococo manner of Tiepolo, portraits of commoners done in the satirical style of Daumier, and drawings as subtle as those of Ingres.

The still lifes with fruit and amphora eggs, and game from the house of Julia Felix in Pompeii would have delighted Chardin. Although these ancient artists had no exact knowledge of perspective, they invented effective methods to create the illusion of space, and they modeled figures successfully by means of light and shade. Done in very naturalistic colors, some of the landscapes are faintly comparable to Impressionist paintings of the nineteenth century, as the Roman (and Greek) artists endeavored to render light and atmosphere. Entirely missing, though, is seriousness of thought, or depth of feeling; concentrating on achieving the highest degree of verisimilitude, the painters lost the sensitivity to design which cannot be retained in copying, however adeptly, from nature.

The text is scholarly, yet very readable, and the 84 well-chosen illustrations are quite close in color to the originals. —A. W.

Solution of last week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1014)

CHAS. G. DARWIN:
(THE) NEXT MILLION YEARS

Species of animals stay roughly fixed in type for something like a million years. When at the end of that period, *homo sapiens* is sufficiently altered to be regarded as a new species, will he have become *homo sapientior*, or what?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mary McCarthy. 2. Elizabeth Page. 3. Maurice Hewlett. 4. W. H. Hudson. 5. Marcel Proust. 6. Katherine Anne Porter. 7. Hugh Walpole. 8. Ernest Hemingway. 9. Thomas Hardy. 10. Betty Smith. 11. Daphne Rooke. 12. Rudyard Kipling. 13. Conrad Richter. 14. Lillian Hellman. 15. Louis Bromfield. 16. H. E. Bates. 17. Anton Chekhov. 18. Faith Baldwin. 19. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 20. Florence Barclay. 21. Truman Capote. 22. Margery Sharp. 23. Nigel Balchin. 24. Robert Sherwood. 25. William Faulkner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things in Double Focus

(*Continued from page 8*)

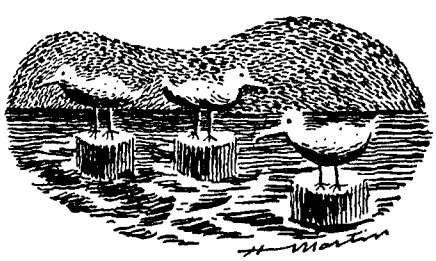
ideals despite their absurdity and his own impotence. The second is to stress, with Simone Weil, the divergent poles of "Gravity" and "Grace," and to turn, with Catholic existentialists like Gabriel Marcel, to the saving power of the supernatural. The third is to convert the duality of the existentialist view into what Tillich calls "the Protestant principle"—the recognition of the presence, behind all human affirmations and ideals, of the "Unconditioned."

WE have had in this century enough of idolatry and utopian hopes, of egoism masked as altruism and of altruism that has been only a form of moral imperialism, to understand the force and point of these ideas, especially when they are turned upon us by such a relentlessly critical spirit, and such an informed moral conscience as Mr. Niebuhr's. There can be no doubt that the mechanical routines of industrialism, the anonymity of cities, and the impersonal horrors of war have made the lineaments of this philosophy seem to coincide peculiarly with the lineaments of contemporary experience. The sense of estrangement, of living in a hostile world, is no longer the special possession of the adolescent, the neurotic, or the mystic, but the insistent and familiar mood of countless ordinary men and women. Anxiety, the impotent fear of some nameless doom, has become an institutionalized way of life. The emotional context of existentialist philosophy and religion is the same as that of the most characteristic contemporary fiction and poetry—from "The Wasteland" to "Nineteen Eighty-Four," from Kafka to Hemingway, and from Saroyan to the latest detective story with its lonely and beleaguered hero. It is, in fact, symbolic, and not, perhaps, entirely an accident, that so many of the leaders of the present movement in religious thought—Simone Weil and Nicholas Berdyaev, Paul Tillich and Martin Buber—should have been actual exiles.

In short, existentialism, like the great classic philosophies and religions, has given a meaning to the experience of its time by making the most conspicuous features of that experience seem also to be the necessary features of the universe as a whole. We have had to live through an era of mass irrationality which has made liberal hopes seem, to say the least, premature; existentialism tells us that unreason is a cardinal feature of the universe. We have had to witness cruelty of unimaginable, and seemingly purposeless, scope and horror; existentialism tells us that Sin and Evil are radical facts of life. In its own strange way, existentialism brings consolation, by telling us that our pains are not avoidable, and that our anguish is the anguish of all existence.

And yet, for all their poignancy and pertinence, one cannot help but feel that existentialism, and the religious philosophies it has nurtured, are somehow not quite to the point. For the consolation they bring seems to involve precisely that confusion of "the relative" with "the absolute," of one's own situation with the total hang of the universe which these philosophies have come to heal. And the anguish which they would save us seems somehow a synthetic anguish, the despair of men who would cling not merely to ideals that are unattainable, but to ideals that are, by their own statement, irrelevant and indefinable. Existentialism, as its spokesmen say, is an "encounter with nothingness," a battle to overcome modern nihilism. But nihilism as it is experienced—the actual "existential" sense of the meaninglessness and futility of life—is not the product of an intellectual theory, and it does not take a new theology or metaphysics to overcome it. It is the product of broken hopes, lost friends, impermanent commitments, and declining standards; and it may even be the symptom of a loss of intestinal fortitude. There is a simpler sort of religious ministry than that envisaged in existentialism—the care of widows and orphans, the practice of charity, the cultivation of love.

The Absurdity which existentialism finds, and comes close to celebrating, is not, in the end, the absurdity of existence. It is the absurdity of the ideals in terms of which this philosophy measures the human scene. It is not very much, after all, to be told that all human ideals are partial and imperfect. This is, indeed, something one can find in the secular liberalism which existentialism repudiates. But it is less than nothing to be told this when we discover that the standards which are being used cannot be defined, and have in fact been chosen because they are more than human and more than explicable. It may not be that existentialism holds that all human ideals are on the same level. One imagines, certainly, that Tillich's "Protestant principle" is more than just a principle of protest, no matter what. But a philosophy which offers no relevant ideals in terms of which we can distinguish the better ideal from the worse, imperfect though all ideals may be, seems a less than adequate basis either for religion or for morality.



I RAISE these issues out of the simplest and, I think, most orthodox of convictions—that a rational man's faith is strongest when he feels it is continuous with what he believes, on good evidence, to be the facts. There is little doubt that we shall need very badly in the near future institutions which will act as deterrents against fanaticism and worldly idolatry, and which will stand out against the resurgent cult of the State and the growing pressures towards conformity. There has, in fact, always been a role for institutions which stand for the unfinished business of man, and which symbolize the perennial gap between human aspirations and human achievement. The traditional religions can perform a function here that comes close to being indispensable; and a movement in theology like the present one, which reaffirms the old clear distinction between the holy and the profane, can do much to strengthen them in this mission.

But these religions cannot, I think, perform this role if they require from their best and intellectually most conscientious adherents a sacrifice of logic or straight speaking. That knowledge is not a substitute for love, or for the faith that makes the world over, no one denies; but neither are these things substitutes for knowledge. They can, indeed, be dangerous and insane things if they are separated from knowledge. And, in any case, contemporary religion does not require the elaborate language of existentialism in order to make it clear that there is some measure of vanity in all things. As an expression of the distracted modern spirit, or as a form of shock-treatment for the complacent, existentialism has unquestionable merits. But terror produces its own form of inertia, and is not an attractive antidote to complacency. And cosmic hypochondria is not, it seems to me, a sound basis on which to build either a modern religion or a clear and candid mind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Library Poll

EACH week *SR* lists the twenty books most in demand at representative public libraries around the country in an attempt to chart the trends of America's reading tastes.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   By Norman Vincent Peale (N-F)*
2. **Désirée**
   By Annemarie Selinko (F) **
3. **The Caine Mutiny**
   By Herman Wouk (F)
4. **Annapurna**
   By Maurice Herzog (N-F)
5. **Battle Cry**
   By Leon Uris (F)
6. **The Dark Angel**
   By Mika Waltari (F)
7. **The Silent World**
   By J.-Y. Cousteau (N-F)
8. **From Here to Eternity**
   By James Jones (F)
9. **The Rommel Papers**
   Ed. by B. H. Liddell-Hart (N-F)
10. **The Silver Chalice**
    By Thomas B. Costain (F)
11. **Beyond This Place**
    By A. J. Cronin (F)
12. **A Man Called Peter**
    By Catherine Marshall (N-F)
13. **A House Is Not a Home**
    By Polly Adler (N-F)
14. **The Second Sex**
    By Simone de Beauvoir (N-F)
15. **The Schirmer Inheritance**
    By Eric Ambler (F)
16. **People, Places and Books**
    By Gilbert Highet (N-F)
17. **The Emperor's Lady**
    By F. W. Kenyon (F)
18. **A Poor Man's Guide to Europe**
    By David Dodge (N-F)
19. **East of Eden**
    By John Steinbeck (F)
20. **Horn of the Hunter**
    By Robert Ruark (N-F)

CONTRIBUTING LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.) Public Library
Birmingham (Ala.) Public Library
Boston (Mass.) Public Library
Buffalo (N. Y.) Public Library
Chicago (Ill.) Public Library
Cleveland (Ohio) Public Library
Dallas (Tex.) Public Library
Des Moines (Ia.) Public Library
Louisville (Ky.) Free Public Library
Los Angeles (Calif.) Public Library
Milwaukee (Wis.) Public Library
Minneapolis (Minn.) Public Library
New York (N. Y.) Public Library
Omaha (Neb.) Public Library
Philadelphia (Pa.) Free Library
Pittsburgh (Pa.) Carnegie Library
Richmond (Va.) Public Library
St. Louis (Mo.) Public Library
Washington (D. C.) Public Library

* (N-F) = Non-Fiction
** (F) = Fiction

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 35¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS—Edited-Revised-Analyzed-Marketed—Author's Agency, International Service. Information on request. FORD, ADAMS & Co., 710 Main Ave., Norwalk, Connecticut.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, books, Plays. MSS delivery all publishers. Editing, ghost-writing, speeches, theses, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

INDEXES PREPARED—Wide experience, careful work, prompt service, reasonable charges. Box P-758.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colorado.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS. Pamphlet Distributing Co., 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, prompt. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed, 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

WRITERS! TV-MINDED? You do not have to be a television writer to write for TV. Outline, plot or synopsis will suffice. Write for forms—TODAY! MEAD AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

GHOSTWRITING, fiction, articles, theses, books, plays, etc. NORBERT MURRAY, 501 East 73 St., NYC. TRafalgar 9-3112.

MANUSCRIPTS, RESUMES, THESES typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. Stencils a specialty. MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt, Park Ave. and 34 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 3-4000; evenings, GRamercy 5-1745.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC AND OTHER RESEARCH: NATIONAL RESEARCH CENTER, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. STerling 3-3480.

COMPETENT FREE-LANCE RESEARCH, female, 30, substantially employed. Box P-930.

QUEENS, LONG ISLAND. Manuscripts typed. Experienced, efficient, prompt service. Telephone Fieldstone 3-8268.

FREE-LANCE EDITOR-AUTHOR edits; bibliographies, indexing, proofreading, research, "leg-work." Manuscripts professionally typed. J. KAHN, 610 West 113 St., NYC.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKPLATES

BORROWED BOOKS come back to you when guarded by an Antioch Bookplate. For free samples and catalogue, address ANTIOCH BOOKPLATES, P.O. Box 620, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese—any of 29 languages quickly, naturally by Linguaphone, World's Standard Conversational Method. Save time, work, money. Million home study students. Send for FREE book. Call for FREE demonstration. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2609 Mezz., Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 20. Circle 7-0829.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKS FOUND! Fast service—reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-SRL, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue, MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 30¢.

BOOKS

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA's, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS on hand. If I haven't got the one you want, I'll find it. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53-B, South Bend, Indiana.

COLOPHON, complete, fine, 44 items. Offers invited. Box P-798.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS—Complete stock hard-to-find books. Established in 1900. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota. WE BUY BOOKS.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—THOUSANDS from Dime Novels to Fortunes, 1715 to date. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Massachusetts.

RECORD MART

Hi-Fi Repair

BY EXPERTS, factory techniques—all types of audio equipment serviced. SIGMA ELECTRIC Co., 11 East 16 St., NYC.

PERSONALS

THERE'S A SURPRISE in store for Review Readers in Washington, D. C. They enjoy special rates and privileges at the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels—the Annapolis, Hamilton, and Hay-Adams. All-expense visit includes air-conditioned room with bath, sightseeing tours, broadcasts, etc.—from $10.95 up. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Annapolis, Washington 5, D. C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

YOU CAN TEACH YOUR KITTY to use the bathroom toilet. Send 25¢ for booklet of simple, complete instructions. FUR, FIN & FEATHERS PET SHOP, 222D Highway 101, Encinitas, California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

WANT TO LEAVE TOWN? Will sublet your NYC East side, midtown, village apartment, 9 months October 1. Responsible single woman. References exchanged Box P-777.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $4 to $8, doubles from $8 to $12. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17. ELdorado 5-7300.

BINOCULAR HEADQUARTERS. Free answers to questions from Museum Curator who uses binoculars professionally. Franchised dealer in the best. All types, prices. Postpaid. Free trial. Bartlett Hendricks, Box 50-B, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

WANTED TO BUY: Paintings by PAUL KLEE. Oils, watercolors, drawings. Box P-765.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

NEW YORK CITY IS LOTS MORE FUN when you stay at the VANDERBILT and enjoy the extra advantages of a truly fine hotel . . . central location, superb service and accommodations. HOTEL VANDERBILT offers 7 different, 3-day all-expense weekends from $10.43 per person; including twin-bed rooms with private bath, breakfast in bed or in the famed Palm Garden Restaurant, and your choice of night-clubbing or sightseeing. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave., at 34 St., NYC.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

DON'T BE A STAIDIST—Give a really different greeting this Christmas—a book! The keepsake can be your own work—a poem, short story or sketch, or it can be a classic which will make you remembered long after the holiday season. Beautiful books at reasonable cost; ideal for the business firm or individual. 30 years know-how. Dept. B, COMET PRESS BOOKS, 11 West 42 St., NYC 36.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

GIRL, 25, liking books, outdoor life, desires intelligent girl boarder similar age, interests. Private home, South Carolina college town. Jobs easily obtainable. References exchanged. Snapshot and details to Box P-932.

BREAK INTO NEWSPAPER GAME—cover your town for city papers. REPORTER'S HANDBOOK, by two N.Y. editors, shows how. $1 postpaid; special school rates. NEWSMEN, Room 907, 400 Madison Ave., NYC.

DO YOU WANT a TV column with a new and different slant? To get it you need a writer with originality and experience. Well, let's take a look at my record: ORIGINALITY? Plenty. For 5 years sold fiction to top slick magazines, Sunday and daily newspapers and made one anthology. EXPERIENCE? Plenty. For last 3 years and currently, feature writer and columnist for small but interesting New York newspaper. Will you discuss this with me? Box P-928.

WILL CONGENIAL WOMAN exchange light services, mostly supervision two school children for board, room? Weekends free. Mason, 204 Wardour Drive, Annapolis, Maryland.

WRITERS! Scenario, TV, radio, advertising. Never such demand! Turn your talent into money. Learn in just 6 weeks secret of dramatic writing. Professional instruction at home. Free Catalogue, MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE, Birmingham 7, Michigan.

PERSONALS

AUTHOR, 800-page novel, will sell interest to secure cooperative publication. Box P-934.

WANTED TO BUY: Established bookshop preferably in Eastern Coastal State. Write full particulars stating space occupied, whether additional space for expansion available; also give past volume and earning record. All data treated in confidence. Box P-935.

INDIVIDUAL ANXIOUS TO CONTACT Victor Keller, author of "Verses for His Young Daughters" published in Summer 1948 issue STORY magazine. Box P-925.

MOST UNUSUAL and agreeable set up for boarder who wants relief from city tensions. We like Books, Music, Nature and Rocquefort Cheese. Bridge Players or creative workers appreciated. CHERRY LANE FARM (near Ashville), Fletcher, North Carolina.

WANTED: Local, rural Massachusetts apartment or cottage. Low rent. Box P-922.

EXECUTIVE-SOCIAL SECRETARY desires position with individual in New York area. Handle complete portfolio. Excellent references. Box P-921.

EXPERIENCED MASTER, English, History desires fall position. References. Box P-923.

MATURE BUSINESS WOMAN, widow, no children, resident in private boarding school for girls, desires low-rental apartment or cottage, unfurnished, for vacation and weekend retreat. Northern half New Jersey. Box P-920.

FOOD DELICACIES

SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS on imported foods. New price list includes limited free shipment offer. Write now. CAVIARTERIA, 2 East 45 St., NYC.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

THE EXCITEMENT OF NEW YORK combined with the charm of patrician Murray Hill at the DRYDEN HOTEL. Walking distance to the UN, Grand Central, Fifth Avenue shops, theatres, restaurants. Spacious 1½ and 2½-room suites, serving pantries, air conditioning; complete, efficient hotel services. REASONABLE RATES. TV and radio available. DRYDEN HOTEL, 150 East 39 St., NYC. ORegon 9-3900.

RIVERDALE LUXURY APARTMENT, beautifully furnished, sunken living room, walk-in terrace. Sublease. $350 monthly. Box P-929.

A HOUSE CAN BE A HOME. Rebel against box-like apartments? You'll be inspired by this 5-room triplex, unfurnished, in one of New York's most charming old houses. Just off Fifth Avenue on West 12 Street, 2 wood-burning fireplaces, 2 baths, brand new modern kitchen, top-floor studio affords absolute privacy for creative work at home. $325 including utilities. Telephone JUdson 2-0180 days, WAtkins 9-3671 weekends and evenings.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BEAUTIFUL, renovated, 30-acre farm, modern conveniences, with private yacht harbor, garage, barn, duck pond, on sea in Vinalhaven, Maine. Box P-781.

WESTON, CONNECTICUT. Artistic contemporary home, almost 6 acres beautiful woodland—pond site. Secluded yet accessible. Box 493, Southport, Connecticut.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

VERMONT—September 1—May 1, house in the country, charmingly furnished, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living-dining room. Near Dartmouth College Library, skiing areas. Rent: $225 monthly, including services of excellent maid. Box P-936.

TRAVEL

MEDITERRANEAN AIR CRUISE. Spend Christmas in Bethlehem. Visit 9 countries. 39 days. $2,047. Free folder. TOM MAUPIN TRAVEL SERVICE, 1015 Massachusetts, Lawrence, Kansas.

VACATIONS

CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS. Unique rustic Lodge and Cabins on lovely lake deep in woods far off highways. Ideal September vacation spot. Boating, swimming, tennis, recordings, etc. Midway Jacob's Pillow and Berkshire Playhouse. Informal, moderate. Folder S.

TEA AND CRUMPETS in the kitchen nighttime bring a feeling of conviviality at informal SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. On Bromley Mountain. Beautiful fall vacationland. Blazing foliage. Very restful. Sports. Friendly informality. Delicious food. Automatic heat. Low fall rates. Folder.

AUTUMN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Wooded walks. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

VERMONT VACATION on Lake Hortonia. Informal, not rustic, late breakfasts, buffet luncheons, gourmet food. Summer sports. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails for hiking and horseback riding. Golf and tennis, recordings, ping-pong, library, informal dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Easy transportation. Attractive rates. For reservations or booklets: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N.Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

PIKE COUNTY LODGE HIGH IN THE POCONOS. A simple, gracious mountain lodge . . . quiet seclusion in natural woodland setting. 185 acres, 2 private lakes. Charming Old World Hospitality—fine attention to food and service. Recommended by leading Food and Travel Authority. Open until mid-October. Werner & Helen Jung, Owner-Managers, Tafton, Pennsylvania.

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. For the High Holidays and for Indian Summer in the Berkshires. Warm days, crisp nights, crackling fireplaces, books, music. Telephone Lenox 8677.

FESTIVAL HOUSE, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS offers low post-season, holiday rates. Jacob's Pillow, free Festival Theatre, free concerts featuring Kroll Quartet, others; folk dancing, singing. Write, telephone for details. Lenox 367-W.

TUILAUVENT—Ideal for restful weekends and vacations at this secluded 20-acre estate. Comfortable rooms, also cottage. Beautiful countryside 50 miles from New York. Open all year. French cooking. Moderate rates. Maple Road, Brewster, N.Y. BRewster 9-3154.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate. Delightful walks midst woods and rolling hills. Horses, golf nearby. Country auctions. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, BANTAM, CONNECTICUT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1015

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Insect valuable to gardeners, called "rearhorse" in So. Carolina.	97 81 141 122 46 163
B. Popularly, excessive sensitiveness to certain substances, harmless to most people.	153 38 20 152 4 126 29
C. Military language for a position of preparation.	145 95 64 116 76
D. Penetration, understanding.	144 35 92 124 91 31 69
E. One who makes a choice of citizenship.	86 143 93 27 165 26
F. The "feeble-tempered" Caesar got this "of the majestic world"—to Cassius's amazement (Shakespeare).	98 65 71 80 1
G. Genus consisting of the sperm whale.	19 137 111 10 42 160 131 94
H. Qualifying the "heaven" of the fixed stars in Roman astrology.	34 140 134 107 40 128
I. Appellation of William II of England.	88 48 100 102 84
J. Palps.	96 119 44 129 125 8 104 135
K. Chinese Presbyterian clergyman who founded first Chinese daily paper in U.S. (1866-1931).	73 41 21 62
L. Not a bit sorry for sins committed.	89 154 109 14 82 6 75 63 103 49

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. To beg for.	16 148 127 156 142 61
N. Patron saint of ferrymen.	11 2 68 74 7 136 36 85 161 18 43
O. To place between.	114 72 83 162 130 110 99 13 138
P. Tossed.	150 123 117 3 30
Q. Describing anything made of fibers colored before weaving (comp.).	149 108 33 60 147 78 118 106
R. Describing the cow shark (comp.).	112 9 15 120 53 52 158 132 66 32 58
S. Real surname of Ford Madox Ford.	151 87 12 101 159 55 45
T. In Quaker doctrine, the "light" in every soul of man.	39 28 25 50 17
U. Abandoned.	115 133 57 105
V. Houseboat on the Nile.	79 22 113 56 37 67 121 54
W. To cheer with a word.	157 24 70
X. Popular "Field" in Brooklyn.	146 155 47 59 51 23
Y. Head of a new Republic in Brit. Comwlth. of Nations.	90 5 77 139 164

DIRECTIONS

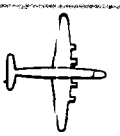
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 F	2 N	3 P	4 B	5 Y		6 L	7 N		8 J	9 R		10 G	11 N							
12 S	13 O	14 L		15 R	16 M	17 T	18 N		19 G	20 B	21 K	22 V	23 X	24 W	25 T	26 E								
	27 E	28 T	29 B	30 P	31 D	32 R	33 Q	34 H		35 D	36 N		37 V	38 B	39 T	40 H								
41 K	42 G	43 N		44 J	45 S	46 A	47 X	48 I	49 L	50 T		51 X	52 R		53 R	54 V								
55 S		56 V	57 U	58 R	59 X	60 Q	61 M		62 K	63 L	64 C	65 F	66 R	67 V	68 N									
69 D	70 W	71 F	72 O		73 K	74 N	75 L	76 C		77 Y	78 Q	79 V	80 F	81 A	82 L	83 O								
84 I		85 N	86 E	87 S	88 I	89 L	90 Y	91 D		92 D	93 E	94 G	95 C	96 J	97 A	98 F								
	99 O	100 I		101 S	102 I	103 L		104 J	105 U	106 Q		107 H	108 Q	109 L	110 O	111 G								
	112 R	113 V	114 O	115 U	116 C	117 P	118 Q	119 J		120 R	121 V	122 A	123 P	124 D	125 J	126 B								
	127 M	128 H	129 J	130 O	131 G		132 R	133 U	134 H	135 J	136 N	137 G	138 O	139 Y		140 H								
141 A	142 M	143 E	144 D	145 C	146 X	147 Q		148 M	149 Q		150 P	151 S	152 B		153 B	154 L								
155 X	156 M	157 W		158 R	159 S		160 G	161 N	162 O		163 A	164 Y	165 E											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 38 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ANNOUNCING THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S
WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS

Win a Flight Around The World

AT THE CLICK OF A CAMERA

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FLIGHT around the globe by Pan American World Airways' giant Clippers*, touching down in many exotic lands, is the Grand Prize that awaits the winner of THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS, in whatever part of the United States or the world he lives.

Europe, the Mediterranean and the Middle East, India and Southeast Asia and Japan and the islands of the Pacific climaxed by Hawaii, will unroll on a magic carpet for the Grand Prize winner as Pan American World Airways flies him and his camera around the world, opening up wonderful new horizons.

There will be twenty-six awards in all for SATURDAY REVIEW readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-&-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

Because of the increasing interest our readers have shown both in travel and photography, THE SATURDAY REVIEW has decided to establish these World Travel Photographic Awards and to feature the winning pictures in its annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear in the January 2, 1954 issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in nearly fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 2nd issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography or travel:

Ivan Dimitri—Leading color & magazine photographer
Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome
Horace Sutton—Travel Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, noted travel photographer

Full details of the Grand Prize and of the other 25 valuable awards will be announced in future issues. Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

Deadline for entries is November 1, 1953. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review
25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

* Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. off.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways, and members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been made after July 1, 1952, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes. They may be taken with any kind of camera on any kind of film.

3. Black and white photographs must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10. On the back of the photograph must appear the name and address of the photographer, the photographic data on the making of the picture, including the date and place it was shot. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching is permitted on prints or the negatives from which they are made. No composite pictures, such as multiple printing or montages, are eligible. No black and white pictures from color transparencies will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed. No prints will be returned. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

4. Original color transparencies must be submitted. Those in glass mounts should be carefully wrapped to avoid breakage. Those in cardboard mounts, or unmounted, should be enclosed in glassine or acetate envelopes to prevent scratching or other possible damage, and further protected by a cardboard backing. Color transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Duplicate transparencies will be made for color prize winner.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies.

6. To enter the contest, mail as many prints or color transparencies as you desire to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS. All pictures must be postmarked not later than November 1, 1953, to be eligible for judging.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black and white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Given... TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE Book-of-the-Month Club

... WHO JOIN NOW AND BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF MEMBERSHIP

THE COMBINED RETAIL PRICE OF THE TWO BOOKS IS:

$25.00

Volumes shown here greatly reduced—**ACTUAL SIZE: 10"x13"**

Art Treasures of THE LOUVRE
ONE HUNDRED REPRODUCTIONS IN
The Library of Great Museums
ART TREASURES OF THE
Metropolitan
230 full-color reproductions of paintings every cultivated person should be familiar with
130 REPRODUCTIONS IN FULL COLOR

Two Beautiful Books to Grace Your Home

THESE exceptionally beautiful companion volumes contain the very heart of the priceless collections of the world's two greatest art museums. Each masterpiece is commented upon individually by the museums' own curators. Will provide endless hours of enjoyment and instruction, for young people as well as adults, and for beginners as well as the connoisseur.

PRIVILEGES AND CONDITIONS OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER

THIS extraordinary opportunity is simply a dramatic demonstration of the Book-of-the-Month Club's unique Book-Dividend system—through which you earn valuable library volumes, *free,* merely by ordering the new books you are anxious not to miss.

★ **AS A MEMBER YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS WITHIN YOUR FIRST YEAR OF MEMBERSHIP** from among the Club's selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance *description of each selection* and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE AND ART TREASURES OF THE METROPOLITAN AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection as a new member, please see coupon.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS YOU WILL RECEIVE, FREE, WITH EVERY SECOND BOOK YOU BUY** a beautiful or useful library volume—*over and above* ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE and ART TREASURES OF THE METROPOLITAN. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend given to members. During the year, the volumes thus given away will have an average retail value of around $6.00 each.

★ **YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

★ **GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES.** Frequently you buy a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, not knowing it is such, and often pay more for it than you would as a member. *Why not buy from the Club these selections you would buy anyway?* You will usually pay less for them. (A small charge is added to cover mailing expense.) You will share in the Club's Book-Dividend plan. And, not least, you will actually get and read the new books you are anxious not to miss, but which you frequently do fail to read.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

- ☐ THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS by Charles A. Lindbergh *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA by Ernest Hemingway *$3.00*
- ☐ THE SILENT WORLD by Capt. J. Y. Cousteau with Frédéric Dumas *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ THE SILVER CHALICE (special de luxe edition) by Thomas B. Costain *Price (to members only) $5.85*
- ☐ TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE by Alan Paton *$3.50*
- ☐ ANNAPURNA by Maurice Herzog *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ CHARLES DICKENS (2 vols.) by Edgar Johnson *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ THE CAINE MUTINY by Herman Wouk *$3.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A259
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, ART TREASURES OF THE LOUVRE and ART TREASURES OF THE METROPOLITAN (a $25.00 value) immediately, with the purchase of my first selection indicated above. I agree to purchase at least six monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club selections and Special Members' Editions—I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership.

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (If any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED